Christopher Buckley *—page 64*

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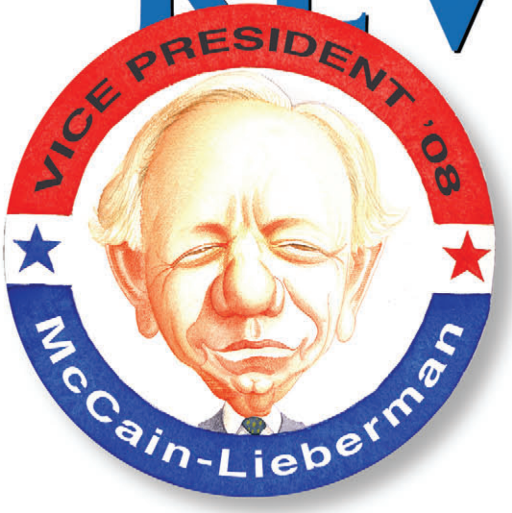
NATIONAL REVIEW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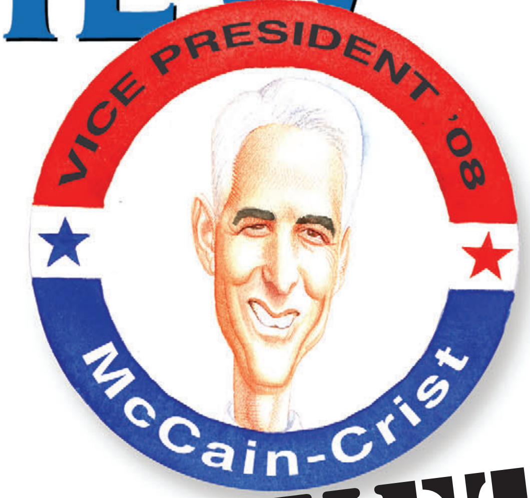
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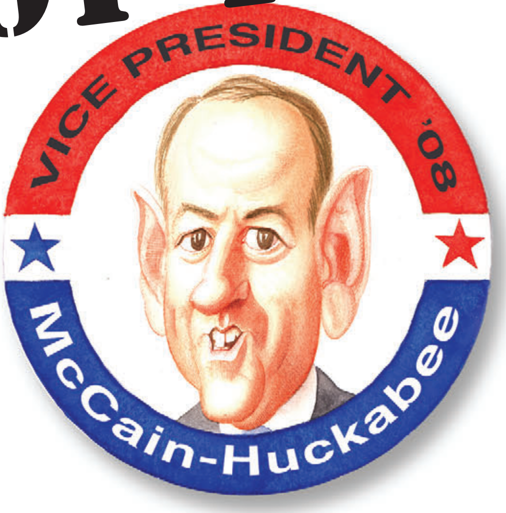
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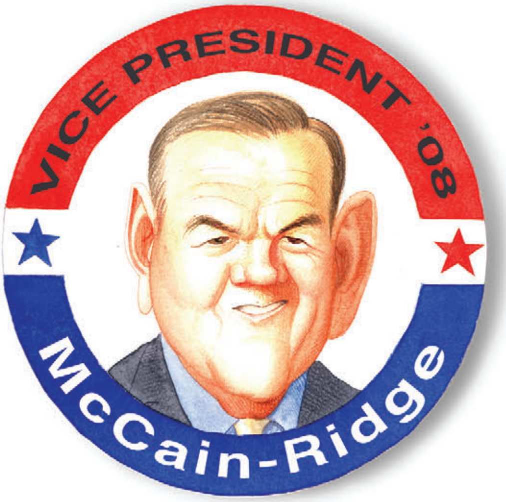
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JOHN J. MILLER

on four unacceptable
vice-presidential nominees

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Global warming demands action.

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We’re not waiting.

The science is overwhelming. Climate change is happening now, and greenhouse gases (GHGs) due to human activity are a leading cause.

In the United States, the power industry accounts for 35% of all GHGs. Some in Washington are developing legislation to limit GHG emissions from all sources, and we strongly support those efforts. But as the nation’s largest electric and gas utility, and as a member of the U.S. EPA’s Climate Leaders Program, we are acting now.

As you read this, we are on track to exceed our goal of reducing our GHG emissions by 8% from 2001 levels by the end of this year. But that’s not enough. By 2020, we are committed to reducing, offsetting or displacing more than 15 million metric tons of GHGs per year. This would be more than our total current carbon footprint and is equivalent to taking nearly 3 million cars off our roads and highways. We will do this by cutting emissions wherever we can: in our generating plants, in our facilities, in our electric markets and in the communities we serve.

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JULY 14, 2008 VOL. LX, NO. 13

NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ COVER STORY

McCain’s Untouchables

Only John McCain and his closest advisers know for certain who is on the vice-presidential short list, but several possibilities would deeply trouble conservatives. Call them McCain’s Untouchables—politicians whose active support is welcome, but whose sudden elevation within the GOP isn’t. *By John J. Miller*

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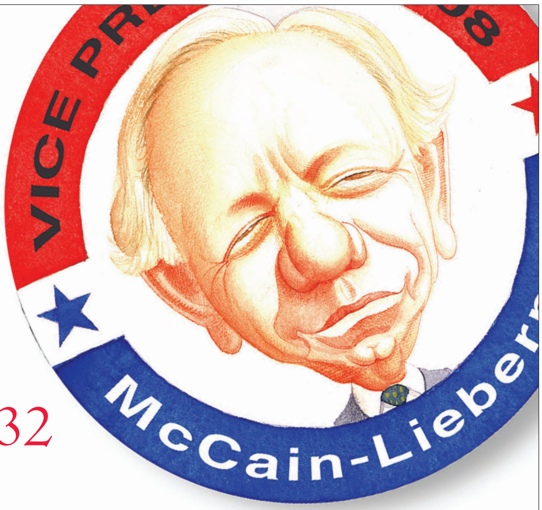

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letters to the editor

AN EYE FOR DETAIL

Dr. Rob Long—I was greatly distressed to learn that your client Hillary Clinton had stabbed you in the eye with a pencil. As I'm sure you know, the best predictor of violent behavior is past violent behavior, so I was surprised at your lack of precaution with this particular woman.

Be that as it may, as a colleague, I wanted to offer some consultation on the case. Regarding medications, you are mistaken about "blockading" D2 receptors with Zyprexa and Seroquel. These block some D2 receptors, but primarily block serotonin receptors. The older, "typical" antipsychotics, such as thorazine, exclusively block D2 receptors. You note that the medications had little impact on the client's delusions; this is not unusual with deep-seated delusions reinforced by equally deluded followers.

The symptoms you listed seem explainable as manifestations of mania and depression, indicating that the client may be suffering from a variation of bipolar disorder. The client's lack of family history for such disorders raises questions about this diagnosis, but her supporters' sharing her delusions may have triggered the current crisis without much help from genes.

Finally, the immersion therapy that led to the lost eye is a very high-risk intervention with a client who suffers from delusions of grandeur and has a history of acting-out behavior. I know you chose this course with good intentions, but I would warn you away from further efforts of this sort. I fear that the only way to help this client is through years of depth psychotherapy, in which you can slowly deconstruct and rebuild her character in a manner that allows her to face life's painful realities.

By all means, in subsequent sessions, sit as near the exit as you can. Warm regards for a quick recovery.

Elliott Ingersoll, Psychologist
Kent, Ohio

NATIONAL REVIEW encourages letters to the editor. Letters can be submitted by e-mail to letters@nationalreview.com. Please include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters will be edited for space and clarity.

THOUGHTFUL STEPPING

Michael Knox Beran offers an intriguing explanation of Senator Kennedy's persistently liberal approach to politics and lawmaking ("Lion in Winter," June 16). It nicely explains an otherwise irrational approach to reality. However, I take issue with Beran's characterization of Kennedy's liberalism—"he adheres to it uncritically and unreflectively, in the way the reformed drunkard holds to his 12 Steps."

I must assure Mr. Beran that neither I nor most of the other recovering alcoholics I know adhere to the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous "uncritically and unreflectively." The essence of recovery involves pondering and discussing each of these steps in order to see the ways alcohol has distorted our lives, and what we must do to become what our Higher Power wants us to be.

Hugh Bartlett
Rolla, Mo.

METHODIST WISDOM

In your April 7 issue, you mentioned an item before the Methodist Church's general assembly concerning economic sanctions against Israel. Since I have seen no follow-up, I wanted to note that the issue was not even debated at the conference, but was rejected on a special consent calendar.

Mildred E. Katzell
Via e-mail

THE CANDIDATES ARE PROMISING TO FIX HEALTH CARE AND FINANCIAL SECURITY.

AND WE'RE PROMISING TO MAKE SURE THEY DO.

This election year, it seems that each candidate is talking about working together and the need for change to solve our nation's health care and financial security problems.

But a funny thing often happens once the voting is over. Promises are forgotten and problems go unresolved. We can't afford to let that happen again.

That's why Divided We Fail will be watching after the elections, holding our elected leaders accountable and demanding that they work together to end the gridlock standing in the way of affordable health care and financial security for all.

Join us in ensuring that change is more than an empty promise. Visit DividedWeFail.org.

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THE WEEK

■ Why can't *we* have friends like Angelo?

■ Barack Obama decided to opt out of public financing for the general election because he can raise three or four times more cash on his own. In true Obama fashion, he wrapped this self-interested, and entirely rational, decision in saccharine self-righteousness. He did it because nasty conservative 527s are about to come after him; actually, there is very little 527 activity on the right this year. He did it because the system is "broken"; actually, all its flaws were on vivid display back when he was pledging to participate in it and declaring its virtues. He did it because his campaign is fueled by small donations and so is "truly funded by the American people"; but he never noted the virtue of small donations as compared with taxpayer funding before his campaign got inundated with them, and he still takes plenty of big donations—he raised more money in contributions of $1,000 or more than Hillary Clinton did, and the week after announcing his decision he attended a $30,000-a-person Hollywood fundraiser. We hope Obama's decision will hasten the demise of the antiquated and unnecessary public financing system and take some of the shine off his halo among the elite media. More likely, neither will happen, while he spends a couple hundred million more dollars in the fall than John McCain.

■ Barack Obama briefly campaigned with his very own seal—an eagle with spread wings, just like the guy at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. has, surmounted by the words "OBAMA for AMERICA," the whole enclosed in a circle. Experts in heraldry are invited to come up with other options. We favor the *cheval, restant debout*, seen from the *posterieur*.

■ In a bitterly divided 5–4 decision, the Supreme Court ruled in *Boumediene* v. *Bush* that alien enemy prisoners, captured by our military in a war authorized by Congress and held abroad, have a constitutional right to petition our courts for their release. These prisoners already enjoyed generous protections never previously extended to enemy operatives in American history; the rules were enacted by Congress, after long debate, at the Supreme Court's own request. Yet for Anthony Kennedy and the Court's four other transnational progressives, this leniency is not enough. Now our imperial court dictates that Americans must treat enemies as though they were mere criminal defendants, entitled to discovery, witnesses, counsel, etc. This ruling will make it impossible to interrogate terrorists usefully, or to detain them without informing the enemy of our national-defense secrets. A 1950 case, squarely on point, held otherwise, as did centuries of custom in every nation, but the majority discarded this precedent. Judicial activism is bad enough when it is in a good cause.

R.GENN
RGENN.com

See page 12

ROMAN GENN

■ A bill to overhaul foreign-intelligence gathering passed the House with an overwhelming bipartisan majority—and now enjoys the freshly minted backing of the consistently inconsistent Barack Obama, who once threatened to filibuster the legislation. For decades the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act empowered the intelligence community to gather information overseas without judicial restrictions. Then last year a FISA court ruled that because modern technology often routes overseas digital communications (between, say, Pakistan and Afghanistan) through U.S. networks, such phone and e-mail contacts fall within FISA court supervision, regardless of whether those communications involve Americans. Negotiations for a permanent solution to the court's mistake stalled on, among other things, the matter of immunity from lawsuits for telecom companies that assist in the surveillance. Thus, for four months the intelligence community has been hamstrung. Now, finally, a compromise including immunity has been struck and will be sent to the Senate, where Obama has been on both sides of the question: He first promised to back a filibuster over telecom immunity, but quickly watered down that threat to a vague promise to work in the Senate to address immunity concerns while voting for the bill. The MoveOn.org wing of the Democratic party wants a president who consistently supports their anti-defense agenda; most Americans want a president who consistently uses the tools at his disposal to combat terrorists. Both sides lose with Obama.

We stand for

People Who Serve

My name is Geoff and I'm an Associate Director of State Government Affairs at AstraZeneca, and a Colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve. When I was sent to Iraq in 2003, AstraZeneca kept in touch with my wife and son to offer encouragement and support. During the 7 months I was gone, the company helped my family and me feel valued and connected, which had a profound personal impact on us.

At AstraZeneca, we're committed to helping our employees and their loved ones when they are called into active duty. We make sure they receive their compensation and benefits for up to two years while they serve our country. We also provide an online support system that gives AstraZeneca reservists and their families access to the services and information they need. AstraZeneca applauds our troops and supports employees called into active duty.

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RIFLE EXPERT

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THE WEEK...

■ Led, inevitably, by Justice Kennedy, the Supreme Court has abolished the use of the death penalty as a punishment for raping children. The case was *Kennedy* v. *Louisiana*, and the meretricious reasoning was that such a sanction violates the Constitution's ban on cruel and unusual punishment; death, the justices held, is by definition a disproportionate punishment for crimes that do not result in death. Yet the death penalty will continue to be in play for other crimes that do not cause death, such as treason and espionage. The Court simply proceeded as though such cases did not exist or were irrelevant to its reasoning. Justice Alito, writing in dissent, found the Court guilty of gross overreach: "In the end, what matters is the Court's 'own judgment' regarding 'the acceptability of the death penalty.' . . . Although the Court has much to say on this issue, most of the Court's discussion is not pertinent to the Eighth Amendment question at hand. And once all of the Court's irrelevant arguments are put aside, it is apparent that the Court has provided no coherent explanation for today's decision." But there is a coherent explanation: Five lawyers prefer that it be so. New Supreme Court motto: FIAT VOLUNTAS NOSTRA SICUT IN CAELO ET IN TERRA.

■ The principal author of the Dodd-Shelby housing bill is Sen. Christopher Dodd, a Connecticut Democrat who chairs the Senate Banking Committee. *Portfolio* magazine has revealed that Dodd was one of two U.S. senators who benefited from Countrywide Financial's "Friends of Angelo" program (named for CEO Angelo Mozilo), under which Countrywide, the largest mortgage lender in the U.S., gave loans at favorable terms to the influential and the powerful. According to *Portfolio*'s calculations, the preferential loan rates Dodd received will end up saving him $75,000. The troubling nature of this arrangement becomes clear when one looks at the fine print of the Dodd-Shelby housing bill, which would allow mortgage lenders to dump their most radioactive subprime loans on the government. The bill is overwhelmingly slanted toward protecting lenders, such as Countrywide, that lowered their standards dramatically during the housing boom and subsequently found themselves holding a lot of bad debt. Fortunately for Angelo, he appears to be holding a few IOUs as well.

■ In a sign that he is worried about facing criminal charges for failing to pay taxes, Al Sharpton has hired former U.S. attorney Zachary Carter to represent him. Records indicate that Sharpton personally owes almost $1.3 million in federal and city taxes and that one of his business entities, Rev. Al

Nobody Home

THE problems in the housing market continue to put downward pressure on the economy. Economist Larry Lindsey, my colleague at AEI, recently noted in *The Weekly Standard* that things are likely to get a lot worse before they get better. Lindsey pointed to a sobering statistic. There are currently 129 million homes in the United States, and 18.5 million are empty. Prices clearly will have to come down a lot to clear such an inventory.

It can take hundreds of thousands of dollars to build a home. How can it be that so many came to be empty?

The nearby chart plots the movement in the vacancy rates for two types of homes: those built before 2000, and those built after. The vacancy rate for homes built before 2000 has ticked up only a smidgen, to about 2 percent. That level is about the type of inventory one would expect to see in a healthy housing market. But the vacancy rate for newer homes has skyrocketed, and now stands above 10 percent.

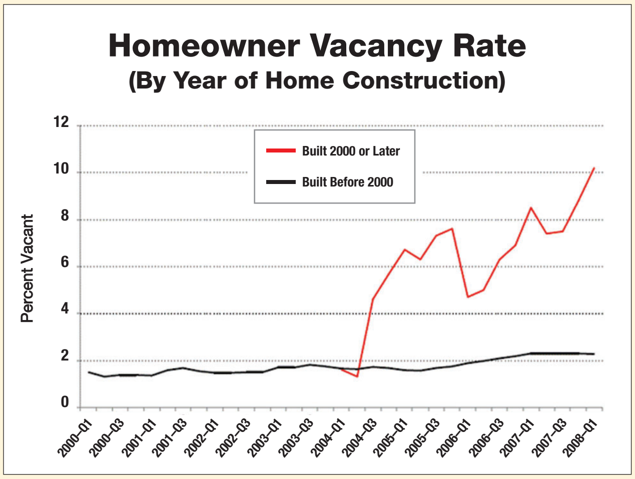
The chart tells a simple story. As prices rose over the past decade, new homes were built in more and more questionable areas. With prices high in Washington, D.C., for example, massive housing developments popped up in parts of northern Virginia that are a painful commute from downtown. When prices started to turn the other way, those homes became extremely unattractive.

Downtown D.C., meanwhile, saw a surge in construction of new condominiums, which are generally less attractive than single-family homes. When prices for single-family homes began to level off, speculators who had built the condos were stuck holding the bag.

How will this all work out? The answer is clear. The downtown condos will become rental units, and the houses in outlying areas will plummet in price. Then supply and demand will be matched again. There are already signs that these changes are occurring fairly rapidly. The proportion of individuals who rent their residence has skyrocketed over the past year.

The chart has another implication for readers who live in established neighborhoods: The housing crunch may well pass you by.

—KEVIN A. HASSETT



SOURCES: CENSUS; JAY BRINKMANN, "COMMENTS ON THE FORECLOSURE–HOUSE PRICE NEXUS: LESSONS FROM THE 2007–2008 HOUSING TURMOIL?" AMERICAN ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE, JUNE 17, 2008. VACANCY RATE FOR "BUILT BEFORE 2000" IS THE SIMPLE AVERAGE OF THE VACANCY RATES OF PROPERTIES BUILT DURING EACH DECADE PRIOR TO THE 2000s.

Is tomorrow's energy right in front of us?

Where on earth could we find enough oil to power 60 million cars for 60 years? And enough natural gas to heat 160 million households for 60 years?

You might be surprised to learn that the answer is right here, in America – 112 billion barrels of oil and 656 trillion cubic feet of natural gas, just on federal lands.

But, as the saying goes, these vital domestic resources are often "so close, yet so far." Why? Because current government policies – a tangled mix of federal and state regulatory restrictions – put a large portion of these oil and natural gas resources, many on the Outer Continental Shelf (OCS), off-limits to production.

In fact, the U.S. government estimates that there are 30 billion barrels of undiscovered technically recoverable oil on federal lands currently closed to development.

85% of lower 48 OCS acreage is off-limits to oil & natural gas development

New technological breakthroughs allow us to tap these resources, even in "ultra deep waters," while protecting fragile marine environments. Recently, oil and natural gas companies employed advanced technologies to discover vast amounts of new oil and natural gas in the Gulf of Mexico – resources beyond our technical reach just a few years ago.

The U.S. Department of Energy predicts America will need 19 percent more energy in 2030 than we use today. Meeting this demand, and ensuring our future energy security, requires developing more energy from more sources, including our own oil and natural gas resources.

Oil and natural gas not only heat our homes and fuel transportation, they also provide the building blocks for everything from medicines to advanced communications equipment. And developing America's untapped energy resources means a stronger economy and more American jobs. That's real economic stimulus – and it would allow increased funding for federal, state and local government budgets.

Oil and natural gas make possible our unequaled quality of life. Ensuring such for future Americans will require policies that permit responsible, respectful access to America's plentiful domestic oil and natural gas resources. These valuable resources are within our reach. Let's work together to realize their potential.

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THE WEEK...

Communications, owes the State of New York an additional $176,000. A master shakedown artist, Sharpton is more accustomed to collecting checks than to signing them: Corporate contributors to his National Action Network include Anheuser-Busch, Colgate-Palmolive, and General Motors. Most of these donors fork over their cash because they fear accusations of racism and threats of boycott. Sharpton is already laying the groundwork for his next protest campaign. In a letter to House Judiciary chairman John Conyers, he described federal investigations into his finances as a possible "abuse of power." Sharpton has always behaved as if the rules do not apply to him. Perhaps at long last they will.

■ Obama's Social Security plan is a work in progress, but it clearly involves a large tax increase. Right now, the program imposes taxes on wages up to $102,000. Everyone who makes more than that pays the same maximum tax and gets the same maximum benefit. Obama wants to apply part or all of the taxes to wages above $250,000 as well. (There would be a "doughnut hole" for wages between these two numbers; taxes would not apply to them.) No word on whether high earners would qualify for added benefits after having made larger payments to the program. But even if Obama put the entire Social Security tax on all high-end wages and gave people nothing in return, it would make up only a quarter of the program's shortfall. Keep in mind that, on top of this tax increase, Obama is committed to reversing Bush's cuts, taking the top income-tax rate from 37.4 to 41.9 percent. If he applies the full payroll tax to high earners, the total top rate will go to 51 percent. The incentive for these earners to work would go down by 22 percent. It's a lot of trouble to go to not to solve a problem.

■ In a meeting with Hispanic leaders, McCain said he would try as president to get an immigration overhaul through Congress. Some restrictionists were unduly alarmed when they heard this report. But there is nothing new here. McCain has never backed off his support for legalizing illegal immigrants. He has also said that he now understands that illegal immigration must be brought under control before any such step is taken—and he has not backed off from that position, either. When it comes to enforcing the immigration laws at the border and the workplace, conservatives are more likely to influence a McCain administration than an Obama administration. Before either man chooses to push a bill that smacks of open borders, meanwhile, he should remember that the opponents have defeated one before and are willing to do so again.

■ Two years ago, Rep. John Murtha, a Pennsylvania Democrat, accused Marines of "murder" following the deaths of 24 Iraqi civilians in Haditha. Eager to expose the supposed atrocities of American troops, anti-war crusaders in the media egged him on. (*Los Angeles Times* editorial headline: "What Happened at the Iraqi My Lai?") On June 17, however, a military judge dismissed the charges against Lt. Col. Jeffrey Chessani. Five other Marines had already had their charges dropped and another had been acquitted by a jury. Of the eight Marines originally involved in the case, only one continues to await prosecution: Staff Sgt. Frank Wuterich, who is accused of voluntary manslaughter. While his fate remains uncertain, one thing is guaranteed: Murtha and his media cheerleaders will not apologize to any of the men they have smeared.

Budweiser
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KING OF BEERS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

■ For five generations, St. Louis-based Anheuser-Busch has been not only an American success story but a family-run business. So it is a little sad to see Belgium's InBev, brewer of Stella Artois and Beck's, making a serious effort to take over the company. But it is even more sad to see U.S. politicians trying to take from Anheuser-Busch's shareholders the right to approve the deal: Both senators from Missouri have stepped in, Democrat Claire McCaskill simply asking Anheuser-Busch not to sell, Republican Kit Bond going so far as to ask the attorney general to consider "antitrust issues" before approving the acquisition. An antitrust case would be absurd, and unlikely to hold water with regulators—InBev and Anheuser-Busch are both huge beer sellers, but their markets overlap little, so they do not compete much. The state's Republican governor, Matt Blunt, joined in, asking his department of economic development to try to stop the deal whatever way it can. As conservatives we have a soft spot for nostalgia. But it does not supply a reason for the government to dictate business decisions.

■ Citizens of Washington State are petitioning for a vote on an initiative to copy Oregon's assisted-suicide law. Only people with terminal illnesses would have this grisly "right," at least at first—supporters of the initiative are already saying they want to liberalize the law if it passes. The proposed law is too expansive as it is. As in Oregon, nobody would even have to have any symptoms, let alone unbearable pain, to be assisted in suicide. Some cancer patients in Oregon have found that the state will cover the cost of their suicide but not that of their chemotherapy. Washington should not follow its neighbor's example.

■ New York's judges earn the second-lowest salaries in the 50 states. Most could make several times as much in private practice, so sweeping raises have been ordered, retroactive to 2001. What's wrong with that? The order came from state-supreme-court judge Edward Lehner, in response to a suit filed by several other trial-court judges, so Lehner himself will benefit. Moreover, the state constitution clearly gives the power to set judges' salaries to the legislature. Basically, Lehner invented a right to an "adequate" salary, decided that the current $136,700 falls short of this standard, and declared an emergency to override conflict-of-interest rules. He also opined that the legislature's decision not to raise his salary until those of legislators are raised is, somehow, a violation of the separation of powers. This smacks of the same sort of elastic judicature that has found rights to abortion and gay marriage in clauses that never contemplated anything of the sort. A raise for New York's judges may be long overdue, but granting themselves one and then cooking up constitutional doctrine to justify it is blatant judicial lawmaking—and uncomfortably close to theft.

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In the new issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

The Coming Tax Hike—and How to Head it Off

Disrupting our economy while leaving the deficit virtually untouched? Not a good idea.

As the presidential campaign enters its endgame, expect more debate over budget priorities and how to pay for them. Do we need tax hikes to restore near-term budget balance and finance longer-term entitlement growth? In a word, no. Such claims fail both budget arithmetic and economic sense. Worse, they undercut the nation's fiscal policies and its commitment to economic growth.

Federal revenues are already high, yet we stand on the verge of a very large tax increase if the Bush tax cuts expire. The personal income tax burden would rise to its highest point in history, relative to GDP. Economic damage caused by the tax increases and tax-avoidance behavior would choke off any promised revenues (and, more immediately, hobble the eventual economic recovery). Meanwhile, the lure of higher revenues would sustain Congress's wasteful ways. A better idea is to fix entitlements to slow their cost growth, cut nonessential spending, and promote economic growth: the greater the growth, the larger the pie.

— By John F. Cogan and R. Glenn Hubbard

A Modest Proposal for Middle East Peace

How to get through to Israel? Let places such as Kashmir, Cyprus, and Tibet lead the way.

Maybe it's time for a new, global approach to Israel and its occupation. Let's get the whole world talking about disputed capitals, the right of return for refugees, land under occupation, the creation of artificial post–World War II states, and the use of force against suspected Islamist terrorists. But why not make it interesting? Let's look for solutions to apply everywhere, not just in Israel.

Perhaps the world could impose a big-power "road map" on long-divided Cyprus. Or relieve all displaced populations—the Germans expelled from East Prussia, this Indians uprooted from ancestral homes in what is now Pakistan, the half-million Jews deported from Egypt, Jordan, Iraq, and Syria after 1967. Can we promise them all the right to return? Then there's lost territory—much of Azerbaijan taken by Armenia, Tibet swallowed up by China—and artificial states (should Pakistan even exist? North Korea?). Surely the world that solves these problems will have much to teach Israel about humility and concessions.

—Paul R. Gregory

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THE WEEK...

■ In recent days, more than a hundred Israeli fighter jets conducted an exercise over the eastern Mediterranean Sea, covering a distance of some 900 miles. They were accompanied by helicopters (useful in rescuing downed pilots) and midair-refueling tankers. That, combined with the fact that Iran is also some 900 miles from Israel, led many to conclude that the exercise was preparation for a strike on the Islamic Republic's nuclear facilities. This possibility was quickly denounced as a Very Bad Thing by All the Right People. Mohamed ElBaradei, chief of the International Atomic Energy Agency, vowed to resign if any country attacked Iran. Given repeated Iranian vows to wipe Israel off the map, we suspect the Israelis have bigger concerns than Mr. ElBaradei's career. As should we all. Following the exercise, Iran made clear once again that it will not budge on the question of uranium enrichment, and it has withdrawn about $75 billion from European financial institutions, in anticipation of new, just-approved, but likely ineffectual EU sanctions on its assets there. In this game of chicken, the mullahs have consistently refused to blink. Let us thank the Israelis for showing that they mean business, and let us show that we do too.

■ If only Israel were being as clear-eyed about Hamas. Israel and the terror group came to an arrangement to stop their low-level tit-for-tat warfare for six months. But almost as soon as the ceasefire was supposed to start, missiles were again striking southern Israel, revealing how Hamas is able to set the agenda. Prior to the deal, the Israeli army had been set on a large-scale military operation to put an end to Hamas's barrage. Instead it consented to have Egypt mediate on its behalf with Hamas. Such a concession to terrorists in itself allowed a jubilant Hamas to claim that its missiles had brought victory, and that Israel had had no choice but to recognize it. Where Israel believed it had won a ceasefire, Hamas preferred to speak about "a tactic in conflict management." Hamas is also claiming to represent the Palestinians more effectively than Mahmoud Abbas's Fatah faction, and there is a presidential election due at the end of this year that looks likely to seal Hamas in power on the West Bank as well as in Gaza. Nothing prevents them from smuggling and stockpiling weaponry, and they also continue to keep Gilad Shalit—the Israeli soldier they kidnapped two years ago—in a dungeon. Israel is gradually lifting its blockade, also to the benefit of Hamas. Running rings round Israel, Hamas has proved its armed ruthlessness and its political skill. Chances are that the large-scale military operation has merely been postponed.

■ Jorge Luis García Pérez, known as "Antúnez," is one of the bravest and noblest Cuban dissidents. He was in prison for 17 years. He is also "Afro-Cuban," which is worth mentioning because Castro's apologists often claim that the regime has been good for blacks. Of course, many of the most prominent and abused dissidents are black. In any case, Antúnez and his wife, Iris Pérez Aguilera, were recently protesting the treatment of political prisoners. Iris's brother, the prisoner Mario Pérez Aguilera, was on a hunger strike. The couple and others were violently arrested, and their whereabouts are now unknown. In other words, this was a routine day in Cuba. But with a twist. Mere hours before the arrests, the European Union lifted diplomatic sanctions on Cuba. Whether the arrests embarrassed the EU, we cannot say. But perhaps some embarrassment is in order.

■ It is eight years since six-year-old Elián González was flown back to the custody of his father in Cuba. Elián's mother had fled Cuba seven months earlier with Elián and twelve others in a small boat, but the boat sank before reaching Florida. Elián and two others survived, but Elián's mother drowned. Miami relatives took the boy in, but the Cuban government told the Clinton administration to jump and the Clintonites asked "How high?" Elián was seized by a federal SWAT team and deported to the care of his father, who had previously shown little interest in raising him. We hear that Elián, now 14, has been inducted into the Young Communist Union, receiving his Party card during a celebration of Che Guevara's birthday this June 14. An appropriately distressing way to mark the occasion.

■ In recent years, Russian journalists critical of the government have had the habit of being murdered. Is it now Venezuela's turn? Venezuela is not yet completely Castroized, and there is still at least one television outlet critical of the Chávez government: RCTV. The other day, its anchorman Javier García was stabbed to death in his apartment. Just a random crime? The Venezuelan attorney general's office says that its prosecutors are investigating. Sure. Whatever we are able to learn, Venezuela should be watched, lest Chávez Castroize to general indifference.

■ Zimbabwean tyrant Robert Mugabe has slaughtered and terrorized his way into an approximation of a victory at the polls: His rival, Morgan Tsvangirai of the opposition Movement for Democratic Change, has opted not to ask his supporters to risk death and torture to vote in an election that is sure to be fraudulent. Tsvangirai bested Mugabe in the first round of voting, but Mugabe refused to concede, having arranged enough ballot-rigging to provide himself cover to demand a runoff. What followed was predictable: a campaign of murder, torture, rape, and imprisonment against opposition leaders. Many Tsvangirai supporters fled the country; others were less lucky. Tsvangirai has called on the United Nations, the African Union, South Africa's Thabo Mbeki, and the Southern African Development Community to intervene, but those are wooden soldiers. The "international community," so quick to condemn decisive action from the United States or our allies in times of crisis, watches impotently as the nation whose farms once fed Africa sinks deeper into despair.

■ Lawsuits can be righteous, low, symbolic, pestiferous—many things. Recently, an outfit called the Southwestern Legal Foundation filed a complaint against Yahoo! Why the complaint? Because the gaily named company supplied information about human-rights and democracy activists to the Chinese government—whereupon said government did very bad things to said activists (e.g., they tortured them). It is not clear that companies such as Yahoo! are capable of shame where their activities in China are concerned. But let's hope, at a minimum, that this lawsuit has a slightly shaming effect.

Are Democrats Less Patriotic Than Republicans?

OVER THE COURSE of a generation, the far right in America has peddled a story that says conservatives love their country more than liberals. That's patently false. But it's worth asking: What *is* true patriotism?

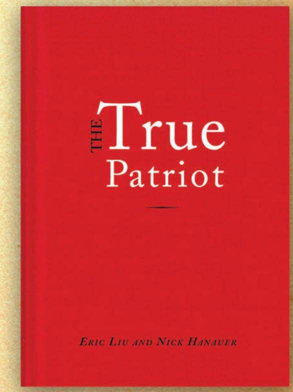
IS IT PATRIOTIC—or even conservative—to support an aggressive expansion of government power to eavesdrop?

IS IT PATRIOTIC—or even conservative—to support tax and fiscal policies that let the wealthiest off the hook, put more burdens on the middle class, and create a massive debt and deficit for the next generation to clean up?

IS IT PATRIOTIC—or even conservative—to throw America's great military into wars and nation-building adventures that have flimsy justification and no definable end?

IS IT PATRIOTIC—or even conservative—to despoil, for short-term profit, America's natural resources and rob our children of their rightful bounty?

We're Democrats, and we've written a little book about the moral code of patriotism. We believe that true patriotism belongs to neither party—but that there are false patriots in both. We believe that true patriotism means progress, pragmatism, and country above self. And we think there are conservatives who would agree. What do *you* believe?



SASQUATCH BOOKS

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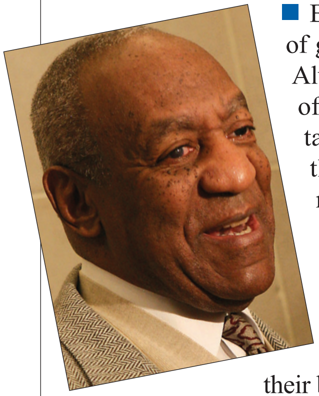
THE WEEK . . .

■ NASA scientist James Hansen's literary output reads like the bumf one might find in the bulletin of an enduring Big Sur commune. His present crusade is a call to put on trial—for "crimes against humanity," no less—the chief executives of the world's oil companies. The crime of which they are accused is disagreeing with one James Hansen on the subject of global warming and the relationship of petroleum to same: "In my opinion, these CEOs should be tried for high crimes against humanity and nature," Hansen recently wrote in an article for the Worldwatch Institute, an environmental organization. Hansen is the head of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies and a professor at Columbia University, but Torquemada in a lab coat is still Torquemada.



JENNIFER MITCHELL/SPLASH NEWS

■ Bill Cosby continues to do a world of good. With his longtime collaborator Alvin F. Poussaint, he took to the pages of *USA Today* for some very straight talk. "Why do we persist in blaming the black family crisis on 'unwed mothers'?" he asked. What about "unwed fathers"? An inspired phrase. Even to hear acknowledgment of "the black family crisis" is refreshing. Cosby said, "Real men do not walk away from the mothers of their babies." Cosby was a fantastic comedian—people forget, one of the best—and now, in this autumn of his career, he is an invaluable social leader.

■ Commonwealth Catholic Charities, in Richmond, Va., helped a minor procure an abortion. The organization, a recipient of federal funds, may have violated state and federal law. While the investigation proceeds, perhaps the group should change its name. There is nothing Catholic, or charitable, about killing unborn children.

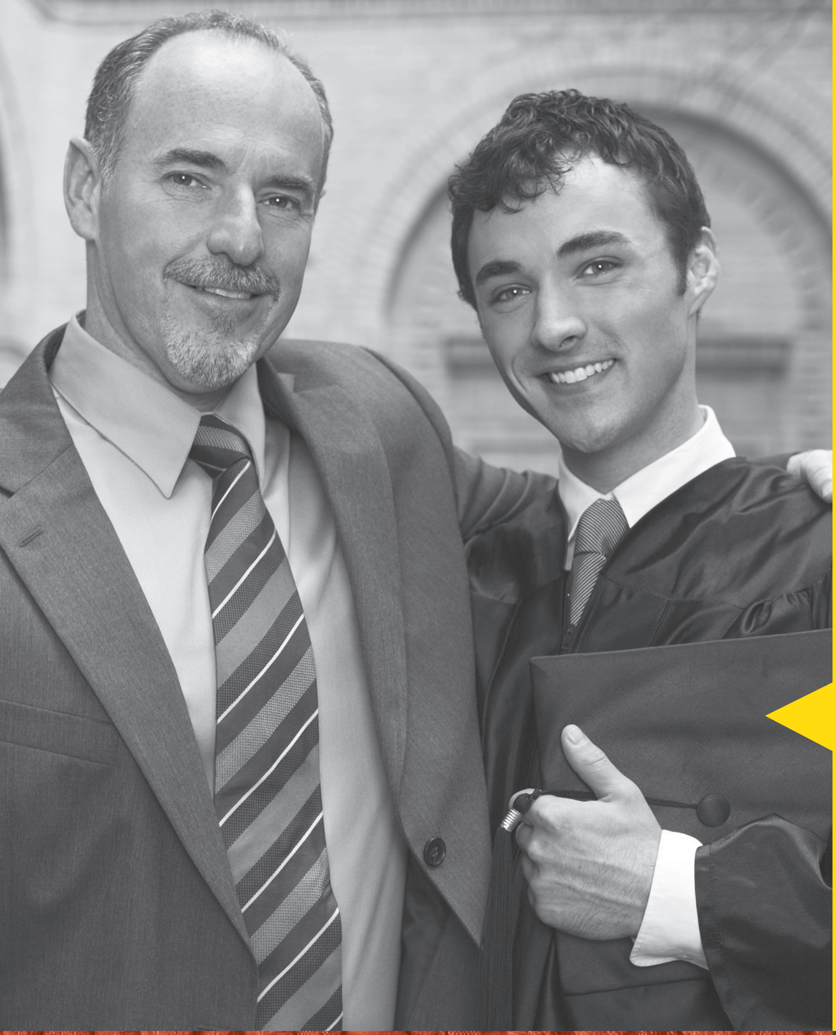
■ It appears Dartmouth has managed to dilute its alumni's influence on its board of trustees—with their consent. Since an 1891 parity agreement, elected alumni and school-chosen trustees have each made up half the board. When some alumni electees (including Peter Robinson, who does *Uncommon Knowledge* for NRO TV) stressed rigor and accountability, and criticized the school's policies, Dartmouth decided to double the number of school-chosen trustees in violation of the agreement. The alumni association sued. But a recent vote elected new association leaders who plan to end the lawsuit. The drive to improve Dartmouth was impressive while it lasted; the alumni elected no fewer than four reform-minded trustees, even though all needed to petition just to get their names on the ballot. It is a shame for the alumni to relinquish voluntarily the control that is theirs by contract, thus dooming the effort.

■ "Let's get together and do something our parents will disapprove of!" That sentiment has been a staple among groups of giggling teens since, very likely, the Paleolithic Era. Up in Gloucester, Mass., however, it recently seemed that things had gone a bit farther than egging neighborhood cars or smoking in the woods. Seventeen girls at the town high school, none of them older than 16, became pregnant. A normal year's tally would be three or four. *Time* published a lurid article quoting the school principal to the effect that the girls had formed a pregnancy pact, and that one of the impregnators was a 24-year-old homeless man. That story got the nation's attention, whereupon the principal disappeared from sight. On vacation, reporters are being told, while Carolyn Kirk, the town's mayor, insists that there is no evidence of a pact. "I wasn't able to get verification of any of [the principal's] statements," averred a grim-faced Kirk at a press conference. Pact or no pact, we can't help thinking that 17 high-school pregnancies are evidence of *something*—of a culture that has come loose from its moral moorings.

■ Readers with long memories may recall little Pavel Morozov, who, according to Soviet lore, denounced his father to the secret police in 1932, for anti-Party activities. Morozov Sr. was hustled off to a labor camp. His relatives took revenge by murdering Pavel, who thereupon became a Soviet martyr, commemorated with statues, songs, and even an opera. The equivalent figure in Canada may be the twelve-year-old girl—her name has not been released—who took her father to court for grounding her. The girl won her case. Dad had grounded the lass after she visited forbidden Internet sites and posted online pictures of herself that he considered inappropriate. Our little maple-leaf Morozova was off to the lawyers in no time, and the Quebec Superior Court found in her favor. With this, and the ongoing persecution of *Maclean's* magazine (as reported by Mark Hemingway in our June 30 issue), Canada's days as a free country may be numbered.

■ Donatella Versace dedicated her most recent line of menswear to Barack Obama, saying the clothes were designed for "a relaxed man who doesn't need to flex muscles to show he has power," and the Associated Press described the look this way: "The new Versace suit has a structured jacket softened by a double lapel or no lapel at all and slim trousers with slick techno-fabric sheen. Crazy zigzags break up the monotony of pinstripes and checks, while the pastel palette gives the collection a warm summer feel." No, there were no flag pins on the lapels, but we are expecting more crazy zigzags from the source of Versace's inspiration.

■ You could say Tiger Woods had no business entering the U.S. Open, much less winning it. He had not played golf in two months (final round of the Masters). He had had knee surgery. His doctors told him not to play. He said that he would not only play, he would win—and, lo, he did. In a 19-hole playoff, he beat Rocco Mediate, an engaging, immensely likable Tour veteran. What Tiger accomplished, on that bum knee with limited preparation, almost defies belief. He now stands at 14 majors, four short of Nicklaus's record. And Tiger has a staggering 65 wins overall (one past Hogan). He has gone under the knife again, and must sacrifice the rest of the 2008 season. Will he come back as strong as ever in 2009? In these pages, Jeffrey Hart has said that



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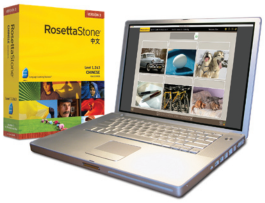

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THE WEEK...

an athlete's retirement is a kind of first death. The latter part of 2008 is giving some golf fans a glimpse of this first death. It is an unwelcome glimpse. Golf without Tiger Woods is simply unthinkable—at least for now, at least this early.

- Planet? Dwarf planet? Asteroid? Kuiper Belt Object? The executive committee of the International Astronomical Union, meeting in solemn conclave in Oslo, Norway, has determined that the celestial body formerly known as the ninth planet is in fact a "plutoid." Any other big-enough-to-be-spherical objects beyond the orbit of Neptune will henceforth also be designated plutoids, the IAU ruled. Does this mean that the unseemly wrangling over the status of Pluto may finally, after two years, be at an end? Not likely. There have been protesters aplenty, from producers of school textbooks who will now have to revise their material yet again, to fastidious astronomers who just think that "plutoid" sounds off-puttingly . . . clinical. Pluto is so far from the sun that it takes 248 years to complete one orbit. Arguments over what to call the darn thing look set to go on for at least another Plutonian (or plutoidian) year.

- The death of *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert shocked with its suddenness. In the absence of some malignant disease, 58 seems more appropriate to a 17th-century tombstone. His peers in journalism, and his guests in the world of politics, testified to his decency and charm. Though he was a party-line liberal—he worked for Mario Cuomo before he crossed over to newsmaking—conservatives appreciated his willingness to mix it up with his soulmates, and to give the other side a hearing. There was something impish about Russert. If he could comment on his own exequies, he would surely ask how the wall-to-wall coverage struck ordinary, non-media folk. This very quality makes him missed all the more. R.I.P.

- George Carlin was a successful and ultimately cosseted rebel. Early in his career as a comic he realized that he was entertaining the "fathers and mothers" of his peers, and thereby "living a lie." So he took off his tie, took a lot of drugs, and became famous for the "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television." Except you can say them on HBO, or public access, anytime you want, since rebels are now everywhere. Carlin's life had its rough patches—he was addicted to a variety of substances, including alcohol (in that he upheld tradition), and he was a tax cheat—but as a public figure he was loaded with esteem and honors. In a society that takes comedians seriously he was a prince. Dead at 71. R.I.P.

- He enlisted in the Army in 1917, lying (a little) about his age. In 1941, he happened to be in the Philippines, on business. The Japanese invaded, and they took him as a prisoner of war, for more than three years. He later settled on a farm in West Virginia. He is Frank Buckles, 107, and he is the last American-born veteran of World War I. He was recently honored in Congress, which is doing something about the 90th anniversary of the Armistice (up in November). Buckles said, "I feel honored to represent the veterans of World War I." Corporal, the honor is all ours.

PUBLIC POLICY

Energy Incoherence

John McCain is finally starting to exploit Barack Obama's weakness on the energy issue. With gasoline topping $4 per gallon, McCain reversed his stance on offshore drilling and called for Congress to lift a 27-year-old moratorium on coastal energy exploration. With this shift, McCain has put himself on the same side as two-thirds of the American people, according to a recent poll. Obama, meanwhile, has said that he "would have preferred a gradual adjustment" toward $4-per-gallon gasoline, but otherwise he seems amenable to it—as we would be, if that $4 price reflected market conditions instead of government restriction of the energy supply.

Lifting the ban on offshore drilling will not increase supply right away, but would signal to oil speculators that the U.S. is serious about increasing domestic production, long smothered under regulatory and tax practices that discourage exploration and the expansion of our refining capacity. It could thus immediately put downward pressure on the price of oil; it would surely do more to reduce the price at the pump than anything Barack Obama has proposed. But McCain should go even farther.

He remains opposed to drilling in a minuscule section of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR), and so far he has not said anything about oil shale, a type of oil-producing rock found in abundance on federal lands in the western U.S. Although the price of traditional crude will have to rise even more before shale becomes a viable alternative, it is worth considering given the trajectory of the market. President Bush has called on Congress to lift the offshore-drilling ban, reiterated his longstanding support for drilling in ANWR, and asked Congress to repeal a ban on oil-shale leasing on federal lands. Since he is right on all counts, McCain should join him.

The U.S. Minerals Management Service estimates that drilling offshore could produce as much as 86 billion barrels of oil. Drilling in ANWR—which would affect approximately 2,000 of its 19 million acres—could supply 5 percent of America's oil each year for 12 years before it starts to decline, according to Energy Department estimates. Though there are barriers to their exploitation, oil-shale deposits in the western U.S. could yield up to 800 billion barrels: three times the proven reserves of Saudi Arabia.

To his credit, McCain has been touting nuclear power and wants to streamline the permitting process for new plants. He has also proposed to offer a $300 million prize to anyone who can develop an advanced battery capable of powering automobiles more cheaply and efficiently than can current hybrid technology. The right to patent such a battery should be incentive enough to

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create one, but there is no harm in offering a sweetener, given the potential benefits of such a device.

On the other hand, McCain continues to plug "energy independence" as though it were a revolutionary policy, when it has been a standard Washington promise since the Nixon administration and remains a chimera. He foolishly talks of wind, solar, and tide power as though they were viable near-term substitutes for fossil fuels. And he feels compelled to condemn the "obscene" profits of the oil and gas industry, as though the industry were responsible for the increased prices—set by a global market—for its products.

McCain should realize that anti-business demagoguery is a Democrat's game. Indeed, the most ambitious energy proposal we've seen from Obama so far is a punitive new tax on oil companies, intended to produce pain rather than revenue. In reality, a "windfall" profits tax would function as a tax on investors in oil companies, including many pension plans and retirement funds. The Congressional Research Service found that the last time Congress imposed such a tax, it reduced domestic production by discouraging investment in oil companies. It also puts the government in the business of deciding what profits are acceptable, which ought itself to be unacceptable.

Americans favor increasing—not reducing, or making more expensive—energy production. We are glad McCain has taken one step in that direction.

AT WAR

The 9/10 Candidate

BARACK OBAMA says, "I have confidence that our system of justice is strong enough to deal with terrorists." Nobody else should.

Our justice system, though weakened by many misguided court decisions on criminal procedure, works tolerably well in dealing with ordinary crime. It was not designed to address terrorism and does not do so effectively. Osama bin Laden and Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, we should remember, were under indictment while they plotted against us.

In the eight years between the first World Trade Center attack and the destruction of the Twin Towers, fewer than three dozen terrorists could be prosecuted. Our military routinely kills or captures more enemy operatives than that in Afghanistan and Iraq in a single day—and without freely handing over intelligence to our enemies, as our trial procedures compelled us to do.

Our law-enforcement approach in the 1990s communicated a powerful message to the jihad: We would respond to atrocities with indictments. Our enemies, many of them willing to sacrifice their own lives in order to take ours, were not deterred by the threat of subpoenas. Obama communicates the same message today.

As do our courts. Obama's comments came in response to the Supreme Court's outrageous decision to extend to captured foreign terrorists in Guantanamo the same right to challenge their detention in federal court that ordinary American defendants enjoy.

John McCain, by contrast, condemned the Court's decision. He wants to stay on offense in the war on radical Islam. He favors a real war footing, including military and covert operations, aggressive collection of intelligence, and Treasury Department tracking of terrorists' finances. The justice system would continue to play an important but subordinate role: breaking up terrorist cells before they can attack, instead of prosecuting terrorists after they have killed Americans, as in the 1990s. Liberals sometimes talk as though this approach were less civilized than the courtroom-centered one to which they want to return. An Obama spokeswoman called it "stupid." But for seven years, it has helped prevent another attack on our soil.

Obama's confidence in an anti-terrorism strategy that has already failed should reduce Americans' confidence in him.

THE EU

Cheers to the Irish

THE Irish had to fight for centuries to win their independence, and theirs is a fierce and proud record. They have just extended that record by voting to reject the Lisbon Treaty, the instrument by which the European Union intends to achieve its final status as a sovereign entity, a new United States of Europe. (For the details, see David Pryce-Jones's article on page 22 of this issue.)

Irish prime minister Brian Cowen and his cabinet, in conjunction with the Green pary, the Catholic Church, the business elite, and the media commentators, were united in a hectoring chorus to persuade their compatriots to vote "Yes." Against this establishment were an obscure millionaire and marginal figures, some reprehensible, such as Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA.

Multiple reasons are given for the resounding victory of the "No" vote. Ireland is about to become a financial contributor to the EU rather than a beneficiary, as it has been. One real fear was that Ireland's farmers might suffer at the hands of Brussels; another was that it would be obliged to scrap its low-tax regime.

Twenty-seven countries now make up the EU, and all have been, or are being, dragooned into accepting this treaty, which will change their character and erode their national sovereignty forever. Ireland has a constitution specifying that any change to it requires a referendum. The Irish have seen how the EU roughrides over other countries, and they have preferred to stay true to themselves and their past. And that is enough to explain their vote.

The reaction of the EU leaders only establishes how wise the Irish are to try to preserve their independence. As the Irish vote was announced, EU President José Manuel Barroso gave a press conference in which he made scarcely veiled threats. Other leaders spoke openly of dodges and legal subterfuges that would annul the vote. Instead of congratulations, the Irish are the recipients of ill will and calls for retribution. The EU has said that they have until October to get out of the mess they are accused of making. The expectation is that they will have to vote again until the desired result is achieved.

EU leaders like to tub-thump about their democratic credentials, but they evidently see themselves building an empire that is not going to take note of such matters as a democratic vote against them. The luck of the Irish is famous—and they're going to need it.

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We need to plan for a world with less oil

WILLIAM TUCKER

“This oil thing is just a bubble,” Steve Forbes said in May. “The price of oil peaked in 1980 and then went down to almost $12 a barrel by 1986. These things run in cycles. New supplies will come forth, consumers will cut back, and pretty soon the price will come down again.”

That’s the optimistic view of the situation—and some close observers agree. *Time* reports that Richard Rainwater, the investor who rose to No. 91 on the *Forbes* 400 by betting on oil stocks, has dumped his holdings. “I just felt that America was not ready for $4 gas,” he said.

The other perspective—the gloomier one—is that we have reached the time when world oil production can no longer keep rising to meet demand. This is the “peak oil” scenario, discussed on hundreds of websites, delineated in a dozen books, and based on the original work of M. King Hubbert, the Shell geologist who successfully predicted in 1956 that America’s petroleum production would peak around 1970, a watershed event known as “Hubbert’s Peak.”

If Forbes and the optimists are correct, then we just have to sit tight and wait until the market produces a correction. If the peak-oil pessimists are correct, then we have to start doing some serious thinking about how we’re going to handle the restructuring of an economy built on a foundation of inexpensive, abundant oil.

I’m with the pessimists.

Forbes’s invocation of the 1980 spike to $100 a barrel—a height that wasn’t reached again until January 2008—is off-base. The 1970s energy crisis was really two episodes, the first resulting from “Hubbert’s Peak,” the second manufactured by Congress. U.S. oil production peaked in 1970. In that year we hit 10 million barrels per day while consuming 14 million barrels per day, with imports totaling 28 percent of consumption. Domestic production never again reached that level and, except for a brief moment when Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, came online, has declined steadily ever since. In 2007 we imported 62 percent of our oil.

Hardly anyone noticed when we crossed the peak in 1970; Americans went right on consuming. But the oil-import quotas imposed by President Eisenhower quickly broke down, and by 1973 our import consumption had leaped to 35 percent. Recognizing this shift, the Arab countries imposed their famous oil embargo during the Yom Kippur War. World oil prices quadrupled, and the producing countries realized they had market leverage. Prices never declined to their former level.

Unfortunately, President Nixon had imposed national wage and price controls in 1971. The result was precisely the kind of misallocation classical supply-and-demand economics would predict. As the oil shock subsided, motorists went on a binge, buying big cars and consuming more oil in 1977 and 1978 than they would consume again until 1998. Meanwhile, price controls kept domestic producers sitting on their hands. The result was a widening gap between supply and demand. We closed that gap by increasing our imports. By 1980 imports had risen to almost 50 percent of our consumption. Markets were stretched so tight that the brief interruption of supply caused by the Iranian Revolution was enough to set off a second gas shortage and push world crude prices briefly to $100 a barrel.

President Reagan solved the problem his first week in office by sweeping away price controls. The demand for drilling rigs doubled overnight, and domestic supplies began to flow again. By 1982 U.S. oil prices had collapsed, and world prices soon followed. Non-OPEC producers such as Mexico and the North Sea operators came online, and by 1986 we were back down to $14 a barrel. Except for a brief spike during the 1991 Gulf War,

Mr. Tucker’s book *Terrestrial Energy: How Nuclear Power Can Lead the Green Revolution and End America’s Long Energy Odyssey* will be published by Bartleby Press in September. It can be previewed at www.TerrestrialEnergy.org.

world oil prices remained within the same range until 2005.

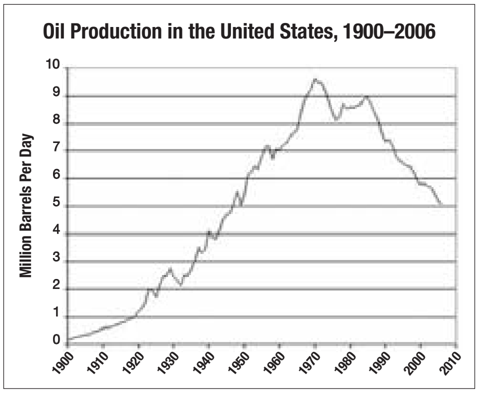
Over the years, the notion that world oil production might one day hit its own Hubbert’s Peak has attracted the attention of experts. Hubbert made his prediction by sorting through the maze of reporting complexities and found that the discovery of new oil in the Lower 48 had actually peaked in 1934. Calculating that it was typically 35 years from discovery until a field goes into decline, Hubbert chose 1969 as the year American production would top out. He was off by one year.

In the 1990s Colin Campbell, a Scottish geologist who also worked for Shell, applied Hubbert’s technique to world oil and found that discoveries had peaked in 1964. He predicted global production would top out in 1999. This proved false, but concern has grown acute and new predictions are coming almost by the minute. Kenneth Deffeyes, a retired Princeton geologist and author of *Hubbert’s Peak*, regularly lectures on the subject. “If you look at the statistics from the Energy Information Administration, you will see that world production appears to have peaked in December 2005,” he says. “Meanwhile, demand is still growing in China and India. That’s why oil is selling at $130 a barrel. This isn’t going away in a few months.”

There are alternative sources of oil, but they can prove difficult to develop. Canada’s Alberta Tar Sands, for example, are thought to hold more hydrocarbons than all of Saudi Arabia, but these gummy deposits are expensive to extract and refine. They require huge inputs of water and energy, and the oil produced from them may run as high as $300 a barrel. The same is true for oil synthesized from coal or gas. A world running on Canadian tar sands will be very different form a world running on Texas crude.

Newt Gingrich’s “Drill Here, Drill Now, Pay Less” campaign gathered a million signatures to pressure Congress to lift the ban on drilling off the coasts. That might extend oil supplies a decade or two—although years would be needed to bring that oil online. But it is important to realize that, even as new deposits are being found, they in no way resemble the huge discoveries of the mid-20th century. Before the 1970s we regularly added more than 30 billion barrels to reserves a year. Today we rarely add more than 10 billion. The Bakken Formation, which stretches from Montana to Canada, was billed in 2005 as “the biggest oil discovery in U.S. history,” but contains only 4.3 billion barrels. Chevron’s 2006 strike four miles below the ocean floor in the Gulf of Mexico has been estimated at 10 billion barrels, but much of that may be natural gas. Brazil’s 2007 offshore discovery, which prompted Brazilian president Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva to announce, “God is Brazilian,” turned out to be only 5 billion to 8 billion barrels.

The wild card is Saudi Arabia. It bills itself as the “swing” producer, capable of ramping up production whenever it chooses. Yet many analysts now question this claim. Matthew Simmons, author of *Twilight in the Desert*, says the Saudis’ assurances that they can raise output far above 9 million barrels per day at any time are illusory. “Saudi Arabian oil fields are now 40 to 65 years old,” says Simmons. “The Saudis probably don’t know themselves how much oil they have left, but it’s certainly not enough to step up production seriously. Even though they’ve promised an increase of 500,000 barrels, it’s still tiny compared to world consumption of 86 to 88 million barrels per day.”



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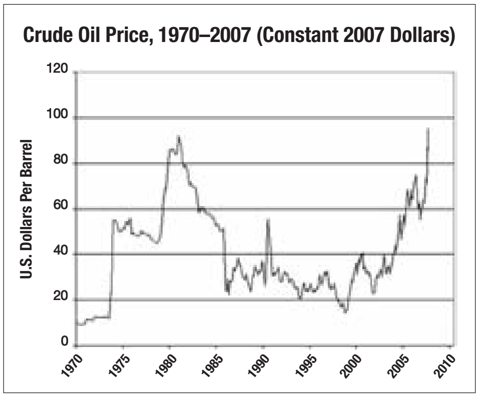

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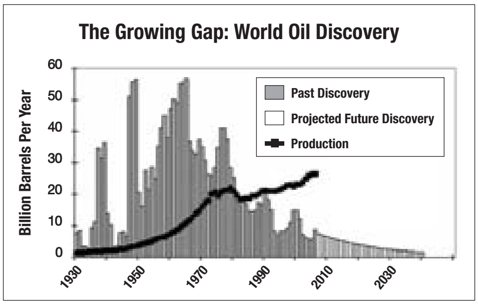
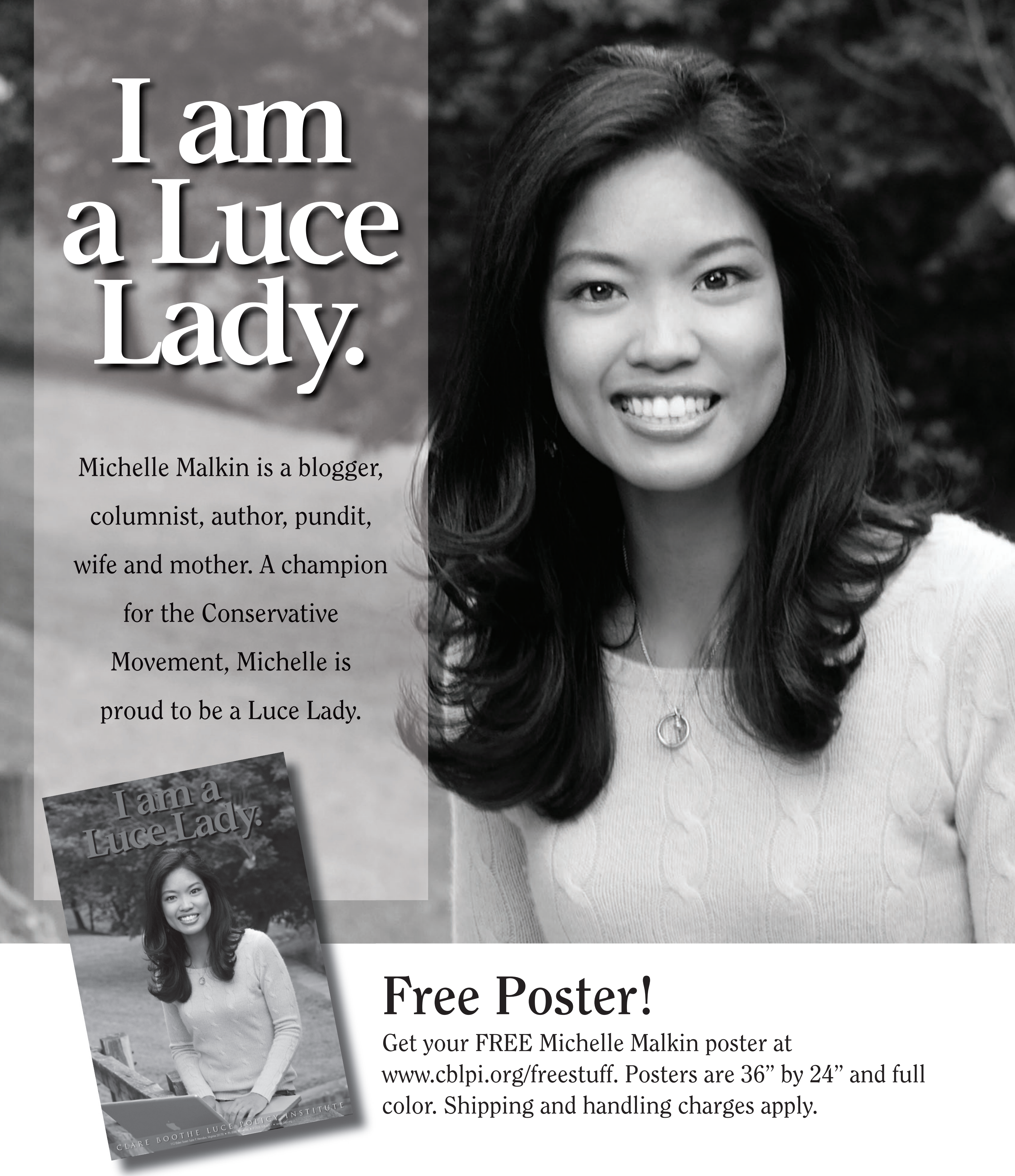


PAST DISCOVERY BASED ON EXXONMOBIL (2002). REVISIONS BACKDATED. ROUNDED WITH THREE-YEAR MOVING AVERAGE.

What we are witnessing, then, may be the long-anticipated peak in world oil production. “We won’t run out of oil in my lifetime,” says Simmons. “But what it does mean is that we’ve probably used up half the world’s oil. That means growth in supply will no longer be able keep up with growth in demand. Unfortunately, the only way we’re going to see this is in the rear-view mirror.”

As any economist will tell you, there is another solution to the supply-demand equation, and that is resource substitution. When whale oil peaked in the mid-19th century, we replaced it with kerosene, which was ultimately cheaper and more plentiful. Is there anything on the horizon that can begin to replace the oil that still powers 80 percent of our transport sector? Since biofuels have foundered, the only likely candidates are electric vehicles, which now have a range of 500 miles and can be recharged overnight. But that will mean generating more electricity. From what source? If the electricity grid runs on coal, then that means all those cute new electric cars will be, in effect, coal-powered cars. Exchanging one form of hydrocarbon, petroleum, for a less efficient form of hydrocarbon, coal, does not seem like a realistic long-term solution. If there is a lesson to be taken away from the peak-oil scenario, it’s that we require diverse sources of energy. Nuclear power is one option that deserves attention: The economics are sensible, the environmental impact manageable, and it does not oblige us to the good will of Mideast potentates. We may be at peak oil, but we’re a long way from peak nuclear power. **NR**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■ **AT WAR**

Allied Menace

Islamists, Marxists, and the radical Left make common cause

DANIEL PIPES

'Here are two brother countries, united like a single fist," said socialist Hugo Chávez during a visit to Tehran last November, celebrating his alliance with Islamist Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. Che Guevara's son Camilo, who also visited Tehran last year, declared that his father would have "supported the country in its current struggle against the United States." They followed in the footsteps of Fidel Castro, who in a 2001 visit told his hosts that "Iran and Cuba, in cooperation with each other, can bring America to its knees." Ilich Ramírez Sánchez ("Carlos the Jackal"), for his part, wrote in his book *L'islam révolutionnaire* ("Revolutionary Islam") that "only a coalition of Marxists and Islamists can destroy the United States."

It's not just Latin American leftists who see potential in Islamism. Ken Livingstone, the Trotskyite mayor of London, literally hugged prominent Islamist thinker Yusuf al-Qaradawi. Ramsey Clark, the former U.S. attorney general, visited Ayatollah Khomeini and offered his support. Noam Chomsky, the MIT professor, visited Hezbollah leader Hassan Nasrallah and endorsed Hezbollah's keeping its arms. Ella Vogelaar, the Dutch minister for housing, neighborhoods, and integration, is so sympathetic to Islamism that one critic, the Iranian-born professor Afshin Ellian, has called her "the minister of Islamization."

Dennis Kucinich, during his first presidential campaign in 2004, quoted the Koran and roused a Muslim audience to chant *Allahu akbar* ("God is great"), and he even announced, "I keep a copy of the Koran in my office." *Spark*, youth paper of Britain's Socialist Labour party, praised Asif Mohammed Hanif, the British suicide bomber who attacked a Tel Aviv bar, as a "hero of the revolutionary youth" who had carried out his mission "in the spirit of internationalism." *Workers World*, an American Communist newspaper, ran an obituary lauding Hezbollah's master terrorist, Imad Mughniyeh.

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Some leftists go farther. Several—Carlos the Jackal, Roger Garaudy, Jacques Vergès, Yvonne Ridley, and H. Rap Brown—have actually converted to Islam. Others respond with exhilaration to the violence and brutality of Islamism. German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen termed 9/11 "the greatest work of art for the whole cosmos," while the late American novelist Norman Mailer called its perpetrators "brilliant."

And none of this is new. In 1978–79, the French philosopher Michel Foucault expressed great enthusiasm for the Iranian Revolution. Another French philosopher, Jean Baudrillard, portrayed Islamists as slaves rebelling against a repressive order. In 1978, Foucault called Ayatollah Khomeini a "saint" and a year later, Jimmy Carter's ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young, called him "some kind of saint." During the Cold War, Islamists favored the Soviet Union over the United States. In 1986, I wrote that "the U.S.S.R. receives but a small fraction of the hatred and venom directed at the United States."

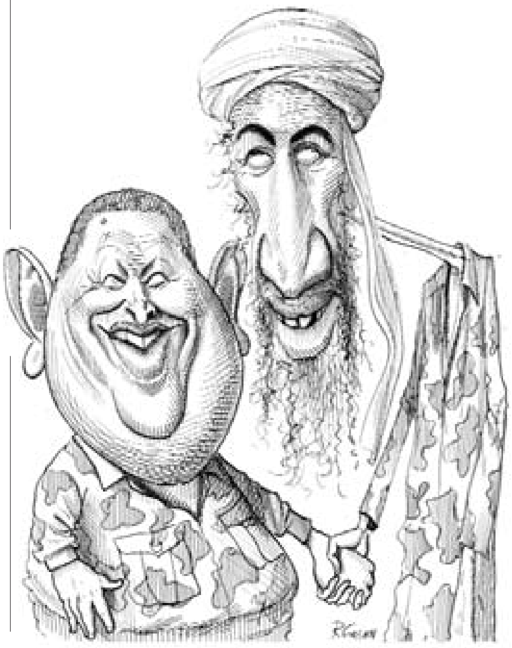
This good will may appear surprising, given the two movements' profound differences. Communists are atheists and leftists secular; Islamists execute atheists and enforce religious law. The Left exalts workers; Islamism privileges Muslims. One dreams of a worker's paradise, the other of a caliphate. Socialists want socialism; Islamists accept the free market. Marxism implies gender equality; Islamism oppresses women. Leftists despise slavery; some Islamists endorse it. As journalist Bret Stephens notes, the Left has spent "the past four decades championing the very freedoms that Islam most opposes: sexual and reproductive freedoms, gay rights, freedom from religion, pornography and various forms of artistic transgression, pacifism and so on."

These disagreements seem to dwarf the few similarities that Oskar Lafontaine, former chairman of Germany's Social Democratic party, managed to find: "Islam depends on community, which places it in opposition to extreme individualism, which threatens to fail in the West. [In addition,] the devout Muslim is required to share his wealth with others. The leftist also wants to see the strong help the weak."

Why, then, the formation of what David Horowitz calls the Left-Islamist "unholy alliance"? For four main reasons.

First, as British politician George Galloway explains, "the progressive movement around the world and the Muslims have the same enemies," namely Western civilization in general and the United States, Great Britain, and Israel in particular, plus Jews, believing Christians, and international capitalists. In Iran, according to Tehran political analyst Saeed Leylaz, "the government practically permitted the Left to operate since five years ago so that they would confront religious liberals."

Second, the two sides share some political goals. A mammoth 2003 joint demonstration in London to oppose war against Saddam Hussein symbolically forged their alliance. Both sides want coalition forces to lose in Iraq, the War on Terror to be closed down, anti-Americanism to spread, and the elimination of Israel. They agree on mass immigration to and multiculturalism in the West. They cooperate on these goals at meetings such as the annual Cairo Anti-War Conference, which brings them together to forge "an international alliance against imperialism and Zionism."



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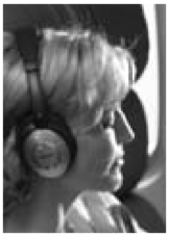

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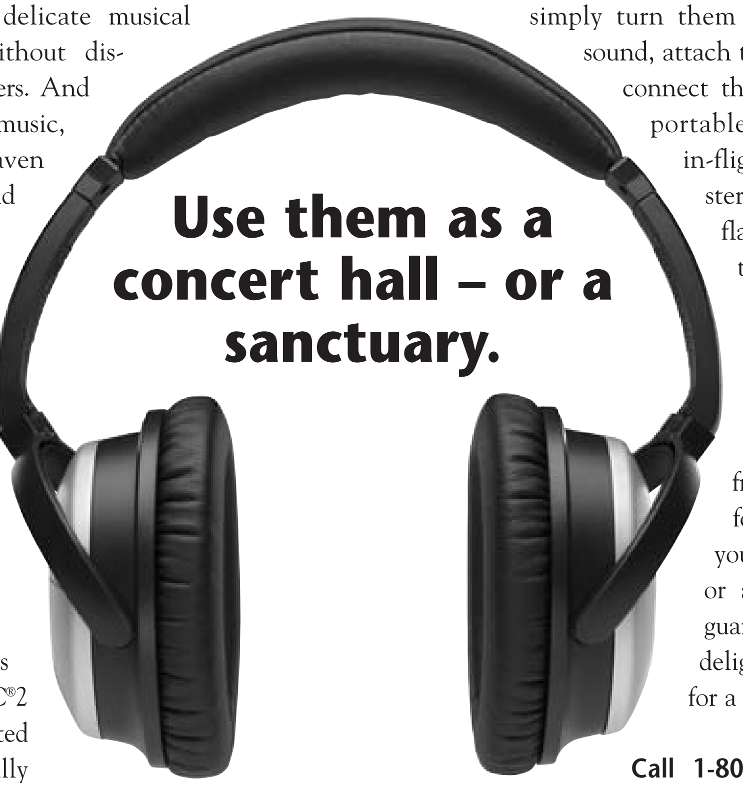

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Third, Islamism has historic and philosophic ties to Marxism-Leninism. Sayyid Qutb, the Egyptian Islamist thinker, accepted the Marxist notion of stages of history, only adding an Islamic postscript to them; he predicted that an eternal Islamic era would come after the collapse of capitalism and Communism. Ali Shariati, the key intellectual behind the Iranian revolution of 1978–79, translated Franz Fanon, Che Guevara, and Jean-Paul Sartre into Persian. More broadly, the Iranian analyst Azar Nafisi observes that Islamism "takes its language, goals, and aspirations as much from the crassest forms of Marxism as it does from religion. Its leaders are as influenced by Lenin, Sartre, Stalin, and Fanon as they are by the Prophet."

Moving from theory to reality, Marxists see in Islamists a strange fulfillment of their prophesies. Marx forecast that business profits would collapse in industrial countries, prompting the bosses to squeeze workers; the proletariat would become impoverished, rebel, and establish a socialist order. But, instead, the proletariat of industrial countries grew ever more affluent, and its revolutionary potential withered. For a century and a half, author Lee Harris notes, Marxists waited in vain for the crisis in capitalism.

Then came the Islamists, starting with the Iranian Revolution and following with 9/11 and other assaults on the West. Finally, the Third World had begun its revolt against the West, fulfilling Marxist predictions—even if under the wrong banner and with faulty goals. Olivier Besançonneau, a French leftist, sees Islamists as "the new slaves" of capitalism and asks if it is not natural that "they should unite with the working class to destroy the capitalist system." At a time when the Communist movement is in "decay," note analyst Lorenzo Vidino and journalist Andrea Morigi, Italy's "New Red Brigades" actually acknowledge the "leading role of the reactionary clerics."

Fourth, power: Islamists and leftists can achieve more together than they can separately. In Great Britain, they jointly formed the Stop the War Coalition, whose steering committee includes representation from such organizations as the British Communist party and the Muslim Association of Britain. Britain's Respect party amalgamates radical international socialism with Islamist ideology. The two sides joined forces for the March 2008 European Parliament elections to offer common lists of candidates in France and Britain, disguised under party names that revealed little.

Islamists benefit, in particular, from the access, legitimacy, skills, and firepower the Left provides them. Cherie Booth, wife of then–prime minister Tony Blair, argued a case at the appellate-court level to help a girl, Shabina Begum, wear the *jilbab*, an Islamic garment, to a British school. Lynne Stewart, a leftist lawyer, broke U.S. law and went to jail to help Omar Abdel Rahman, the blind sheikh, foment revolution in Egypt. Volkert van der Graaf, an animal-rights fanatic, killed Dutch politician Pim Fortuyn to stop him from turning Muslims into "scapegoats." Vanessa Redgrave funded half of a £50,000 bond so that Jamil el-Banna, a Guantanamo suspect accused of recruiting jihadis to fight in Afghanistan and Indonesia, could walk out of a British jail; Redgrave described helping el-Banna as "a profound honour," despite his being wanted in Spain on terrorism-related charges and suspected of links to al-Qaeda. On a larger scale, the Indian Communist party did Tehran's dirty work by delaying for four months the Indian-based launching of TecSar, an Israeli spy satellite. And leftists founded the International Solidarity Movement to prevent Israeli security forces from protecting the country against Hamas and other Palestinian terrorists.

Writing in London's *Spectator*, Douglas Davis calls the coalition "a godsend to both sides. The Left, a once-dwindling band of communists, Trotskyites, Maoists and Castroists, had been clinging to the dregs of a clapped-out cause; the Islamists could deliver numbers and passion, but they needed a vehicle to give them purchase on the political terrain. A tactical alliance became an operational imperative." More simply, a British leftist concurs: "The practical benefits of working together are enough to compensate for the differences."

The burgeoning alliance of Western leftists and Islamists ranks as one of today's most disturbing political developments, one that impedes the West's efforts to protect itself. When Stalin and Hitler made their infamous pact in 1939, the Red-Brown alliance posed a mortal danger to the West and, indeed, to civilization. Less dramatically but no less certainly, the coalition today poses the same threat. It too must be exposed, rejected, resisted, and defeated. **NR**

EUROPE

Before the Revolution

Europe's governors refuse to listen to the governed

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THE Irish are making big waves. They have voted in a referendum to reject something called the Lisbon Treaty. This may sound like a technicality of interest only to those hooked on politics, but actually it bears vitally on the future of Europe, and the hopes and fears of those who live there.

These uncertain times all over Europe have a whiff of failure about them, a loss of confidence in democracy and identity reminiscent of the 1930s. The European Union is a project now 50 years old that is intended to recover lost power and prestige. The EU has the core belief that the nation-state is the cause of all contemporary ills, and it has been absorbing as many of them as it can, and hollowing out their identity in order to lay the foundations of nothing less than a new continent-wide empire. Politics, law, business, the economy, and even culture have already been harmonized and centralized. The Lisbon Treaty is supposed to be a final step, turning the European Union irrevocably into the United States of Europe, a legal entity with sovereign powers, and whose 27 constituent nation-states from now on would be mere regions.

It is safe to say that virtually nobody except specialists has read the Lisbon Treaty. The text is almost 500 pages, more easily available in French than in English, and drafted in Euro-jargon that should enrich generations of lawyers. Even Irish prime minister Brian Cowen admits that he did not manage to get through it, which did not stop him from recommending its acceptance sight unseen. Poor chap! He's only just come into office following the resignation of his predecessor, Bertie Ahern (who has to explain why sackfuls of cash were in his possession; when a

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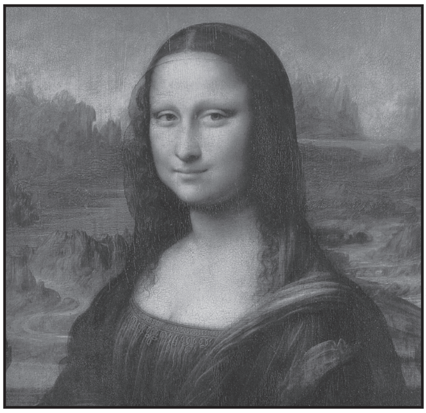
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tribunal cross-questioned an assistant who had handled some of the stuff, she just burst into tears).

The treaty's impenetrability is deliberate. Back in 2001 the unelected officials who run the EU in its capital of Brussels decided that a constitution was required to complete their work on the United States of Europe. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, a man supercilious even by the standards of French presidents, was appointed head of a convention to draft this constitution, and by 2005 it was ready to be submitted to the peoples designated to live under it. Rather to his credit, Giscard has always made a point of admitting that these constitutional texts should be unreadable for the layman, and kept secret too, so that people find out what they are signed up to only once they can do nothing about it.

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

MANNIE GARCIA/AFP

Horrors! Referendums on the constitution in France and Holland came up with massive No votes, and it was evident that Britain and other countries would do the same if or when they could. This might have been expected to kill the proposed constitution, but that is not how the political class in Brussels operates. The draft was simply rejigged under its new name as the Lisbon Treaty. Giscard again was one of numerous politicians to concede truthfully that the treaty contained over 90 percent of his proposed constitution. But the Eurocrats had learned from their mistake. Instead of referendums, presidential procedures and parliamentary majorities were now to ram the treaty through—and then guarantee its ratification—simply by virtue of their power to do so. Deprived of the chance to give their opinion on what was occurring above their heads, people would have to learn what was good for them. The Kremlin Politburo of old would have understood perfectly.

The French, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Italians, and others duly obliged. In Britain, the government of Tony Blair had promised a referendum. His successor, Gordon Brown, declared that this was superfluous as the treaty was quite different from Giscard's document—a deception hitherto more characteristic of Saddam Hussein's Baghdad than of the Mother of Parliaments. Ireland stood out as the one and only exception: Irish judges ruled that the treaty transferred national sovereignty elsewhere, and the law required a referendum.

Brian Cowen and the governing party, the opposition party, the influential financial community, almost the entire media, and the Catholic hierarchy united to bludgeon everyone into approving the treaty and to warn them that they would be bankrupt, isolated, and a laughingstock if they failed to do so. Behind the scenes the Brussels Eurocrats added their energies to rigging the outcome. Against the massed battalions of the establishment was Sinn Fein—the political wing of the IRA terrorist movement—which is so unpopular that its support was thought likely to be counterproductive, and someone nobody had ever heard of by the name of Declan Ganley, a 39-year-old maverick businessman and millionaire. The two sides could hardly have been less evenly matched.

Tall, with a high dome of a forehead, well able to project a strong personality, Ganley organized a pressure group, Libertas, consisting mostly of youthful enthusiasts. The reason Ireland voted No, some say, is that Ireland has been one of the main beneficiaries of EU subsidies, and is due to become instead a net contributor. Agriculture, as well as the country's neutrality, was said to be under threat. But there is no doubt that Ganley and Libertas were the major factor in convincing the public to reject what Ganley likes to call "this wretched treaty." When I heard him speak, he said, "The Irish people have smelled a rat." In the end, it came down to identity: The Irish have fought long and hard for their independence, and their vote expressed pride in being themselves.

Under the EU's own rules, the Lisbon Treaty has to be accepted by all 27 countries, and a single veto is enough for it to fall. The Irish have spoken, and one might think that would be that. Not a bit of it. As they recover from their shock, European leaders are preparing to disregard the Irish vote—with the solitary exception of Václav Klaus, the president of the Czech Republic and a man of integrity. "The Lisbon project is finished," he said firmly, "and ratification will not continue." But already at the moment when the Irish vote was being announced, José Manuel Barroso, the Portuguese president of the European Commission and therefore chief Eurocrat, was telling a press conference that the Irish vote would be respected, but he spoke in so bitter and threatening a way that obviously he intended nothing of the kind. Within 24 hours, fellow Eurocrats were searching for means to invalidate the vote by hook or crook. The German foreign minister, Franz-Walter Steinmeier, was only one among several of his compatriots to start complaining to the effect that it was not truly democratic for 4 million Irish people to decide the fate of some 490 million other Europeans. One German politician explained that he was disappointed because the Irish had shown "real cheek."

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President Nicolas Sarkozy of France began speculating about “legal arrangements” and “protocols” that might bypass the Irish problem and save the treaty. The vote, he said with condescension worthy of General de Gaulle, was “fascinating all the same,” and he proposed to visit Dublin to help them out. French newspapers report that he called the Irish “bloody idiots” and other choice terms. Sarkozy further dropped hints that the EU might go ahead with a “two-speed Europe,” in other words punishing the laggards. The British happen to be in the final stage of ratifying the treaty: Gordon Brown has used his parliamentary majority to bulldoze it through. Once before, in 2001, the Irish voted the wrong way on a treaty; they were bullied into doing it all over again so that they came up with the right answer. Now they have been given an ultimatum by the Eurocrats: They must sort out this mess by October. The European leadership appears willing to take a leaf out of the Robert Mugabe playbook when it comes to voting. When Declan Ganley was asked what would happen if the Irish referendum were somehow overridden, I heard him say, through gritted teeth, “We will not rest.”

It would be comic to watch these Eurocrats squirming and intriguing except that the consequences are likely to be tragic. People do not give up their national identity because others order them to do so. This episode of the Irish and the Lisbon Treaty poses the following questions: What is the EU for? What will it do to obtain power? Is it arrogance, or cynicism, or mere lack of wisdom that is driving the leaders in Brussels to think it will be possible to rule an empire without the consent of the ruled?

It is a matter of historical record that everywhere in Europe the withholding of consent has always been the prelude to violence, and that is how its nations obtained their freedom in the past. “The leaders of the EU,” in the words of a member of the public writing a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, “look increasingly like the members of an overt conspiracy to subvert all democratic processes in Western Europe.” Should European leaders continue to take no notice of the gap opening ever more widely between themselves and the ruled, mobs will one day close it. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH**

Gay Abandon

Must we give up our First Amendment liberties?

MARK HEMINGWAY

If you’re strictly mercenary about it, the recent California supreme court decision legalizing same-sex marriage has its upside. According to a recent study by the UCLA School of Law, the ensuing rash of weddings is expected to pump $683.6 million into the state economy over the next three years. With movement toward legalizing same-sex marriage and civil unions across the country, it would seem to be a great time to be a wedding photographer.

But same-sex marriage is a complex issue, and nothing better illustrates that than the plight of the humble wedding photographer. “On the surface, this sounds like a gold mine for wedding photographers. But it’s actually more like a minefield,” explained photographer Sean Cayton on the photography website *Black Star Rising*. “You see, wedding photographers get most of their business from word-of-mouth and referrals. Many have close relationships with specific churches, which may have very strong beliefs for or against gay marriage.”

Of course, if you’re a wedding photographer who would like to avoid the minefield that might ensue should you offend churches in your community, you could end up stepping into another minefield that might be even more problematic—you might find yourself on the wrong end of a lawsuit.

In 2006, Vanessa Willcock filed a complaint with the New Mexico Human Rights Commission against a company called Elane Photography for refusing to photograph her gay commitment ceremony. The business is owned by a husband and wife—evangelical Christians who have made a decision not to photograph ceremonies related to gay unions. In April, the New Mexico Human Rights Commission found against Elane Photography and ordered it to pay $6,637 for Willcock’s legal fees in bringing the complaint. The decision has been appealed.

Of course, Elane Photography is hardly alone. There’s been an effort in the courts not just to legalize gay marriage but to force acceptance of it as a matter of conscience and religious practice:

- In Ocean Grove, N.J., a lesbian couple brought a complaint to the New Jersey Division of Civil Rights against a Methodist church for not allowing them to use a pavilion on the church’s beach-front property for their civil-union ceremony. The church had offered the couple use of its property and boardwalk for the ceremony, just not use of places the church considered “worship spaces.” In January, an administrative judge with the Division of Civil Rights found against the church and stripped the pavilion area of its tax-exempt status for the church’s refusal to comply with the state’s sweeping anti-discrimination law. This will reportedly cost the church some $20,000 a year. Notably, the tax exemption was tied to the church’s making its property publicly accessible, rather than to any religious criterion—but the Department of Environmental Protection managed to lift the Methodists’ exemption within one week of the complaint’s filing, even though it isn’t the agency in charge of lifting tax exemptions. The church is appealing the decision.
- In California, the state supreme court is hearing a case against San Diego fertility doctors who are being sued because religious objections led them to refuse in vitro fertilization to a lesbian couple. Legal observers noted that the court—the same one that just legalized same-sex marriage—seemed hostile to the doctors’ defense during oral arguments in May.
- In 2006, Catholic Charities in Boston stopped providing adoption services since state law would have compelled them to facilitate adoptions by same-sex couples. The archdiocese was prepared to provide referrals for same-sex couples looking to adopt, but that wasn’t acceptable to the state.

Same-sex marriage has turned out to be a fertile breeding ground for litigation. “The basic argument is: Once the state recognizes us as married, no private group outside of the sanctuary of the church is

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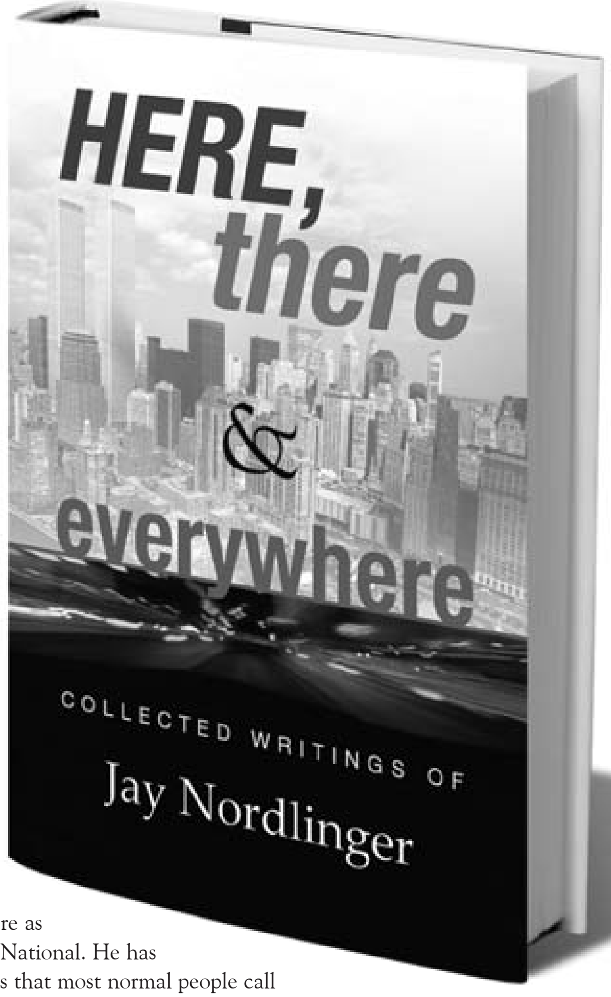

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USE SEPARATE SHEET TO REQUEST AN AUTOGRAPH AND SPECIFY INSCRIPTION entitled to treat us otherwise, and various civil-rights laws banning discrimination over sexual orientation ought to take priority over religious liberty in every case," says Marc D. Stern, general counsel of the American Jewish Congress and a contributor to the forthcoming book *Same-Sex Marriage and Religious Liberty*.

Opponents of same-sex marriage have long criticized it on the ground that it redefines what marriage actually is. In its recent decision legalizing same-sex marriage, the California supreme court noted that the state's domestic-partnership law already gave gay couples "virtually all of the legal rights and responsibilities accorded married couples under California law." And yet legal activists continued to push for "marriage."

Stern makes clear that he's not saying these legal issues are necessarily an argument against same-sex marriage. "I'm not saying that [people] ought to be opposed to gay marriage or that in every case the religious claim triumphs. But there really is a problem, in particular with regard to free speech. There are disturbing indications that in schools and elsewhere, certain views will become officially anathema."

Stern notes that, outside the U.S., lawsuits and legislation ostensibly in favor of human rights have led to tighter restrictions on religious expression and religious institutions. In England, a Catholic school has been prohibited from firing an openly gay headmaster, and parochial schools there are forbidden by law to teach that homosexuality is a sin. In Canada, the Alberta Human Rights Commission recently took the draconian step of issuing a ruling forbidding a Christian pastor to make "disparaging" remarks about homosexuality—or even to repeat Biblical condemnations—for the rest of his life. And in 2005, the Knights of Columbus were fined by the British Columbia Human Rights Commission for refusing to rent their hall for a lesbian wedding. (These Canadian human-rights commissions are the same bodies of dubious legal authority in which NATIONAL REVIEW's Mark Steyn and the Canadian newsweekly *Maclean's* are currently under attack.)

And aside from threats to freedom of religious expression, there's also the basic matter of free speech. Again, consider the wedding photographer. The Willcock complaint was decided on the basis of treating Elane Photography strictly as a business. The New Mexico Human Rights Act forbids "any person in any public accommodation to make a distinction, directly or indirectly, in offering or refusing to offer its services, facilities, accommodations or goods to any person because of . . . sexual orientation."

But is a wedding photographer strictly offering a business service? Photography is considered a form of artistic expression, and wedding photographers hold the copyright for their work. In this instance, putting a seal of approval on same-sex marriage might end up requiring a legal definition of what is art and what is a service, aside from the question of whether a person can be compelled to produce either.

While the courts and voters around the country decide to what extent they're willing to redefine marriage, they might consider how many First Amendment rights they want to redefine in the process. Talk about a minefield. **NR**

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■ **CULTURE WATCH II**

Feminism Gets Physical

But fails to say anything of value about physics

FRED SCHWARZ

YEARS ago, between sessions at an academic conference, I heard a woman mention Susie Orbach's 1978 book *Fat Is a Feminist Issue*. The man she was talking to repeated the title slowly, paused for a few moments in thought, and said, "Can you give an example . . ."

The woman jumped in: ". . . of why fat is a feminist issue?" And the man replied: "No, can you give an example of something that's *not* a feminist issue?" She was reduced to stammering until the next session mercifully began.

Feminism has connections with any topic you can name, not because women are everywhere but because feminists are everywhere—in academia, at least. John Adams famously wrote that he studied war and politics so his sons could study science and business and their sons could study the arts. In a less inspiring progression, the suffragettes of a century ago set the stage for the women's libbers of the 1960s and 1970s, who in turn gave way to the semioticians and post-structuralists of today.

It's no surprise, then, that in recent decades feminists have been applying their special gifts to the sciences. In areas like sociology and anthropology, there's plenty of room for them to make mischief, and even biology and engineering don't present much resistance if you use a little imagination. For example, Evelyn Fox Keller, a founder of feminist science studies, has complained that most biomedical research uses only male instead of female subjects—rats, that is: "The implicit assumption is, of course, that the male rat represents the species." Another scholar made her reputation by pointing out that texts on human reproduction, when describing fertilization, portray the helpless female egg as "drifting" or sitting passively, while the macho

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sperm “burrows” and “penetrates.”

Having polished off these easy targets, feminists turned their attention to what one of them has called “the hard case”: physics. With no people or even animals involved, it might seem an unpromising subject for gender analysis, but that’s no problem for a battle-tested feminist, particularly if a tenured appointment is dangled in front of her. When pressed, most feminists will concede that physics does describe an underlying, objective reality; its particles and forces are not simply made up by men to oppress women, and its assertions can be tested and proven true or false. Yet this problem is easily surmounted by feminists determined to find bias.

The status of women within the physics profession is one avenue of attack; another is the interaction between scientific research and society. A less concrete target is the prevalent notion that physics is somehow the most “fundamental” of sciences, supreme over all the others. This sort of hierarchical thinking, it is said, is alien to women, who are much better at seeing things as part of an interactive whole.

These critics have half a point; physicists, most of whom are male, do tend to think that other sciences are crude simplifications of their own. But do they think that way because they’re guys, or because they’re physicists? The notion that physicists would gain humility if more women joined their ranks is questionable at best; nothing of the sort has occurred in any other profession. Assertions like that are based on the common but mistaken premise that a tiny group of highly atypical women will display the characteristics of women as a whole. Did Indira Gandhi, Margaret Thatcher, and Nancy Pelosi bring a gentle, consensus-based woman’s touch to politics?

Some feminists complain that the very language of physics is too masculine: Particles “bombard” a sample, and reacting atoms are said to “collide” instead of joining together for mutual benefit. To other feminists, the problem is not just the language of physics but the very idea of it. The German professor Monika Bessenrodt-Weberpals writes in a recent manifesto: “The (patriarchal) science of physics displays a lack of self-reflection by making its object absolute, losing any physical contact between the subject, the scientist, and his or her object, and by instrumentalising physics as an instrument of domination.”

Sounds pretty scary; you never know when mapping a few galaxies or building a particle accelerator will further the entrenchment of masculine privilege. Fortunately, there’s a remedy: “Students should be taught the theoretical basis, empirical findings and methodological concepts of women’s and gender studies in relation to areas of physics. . . . In particular, they should apply the approaches and methods of gender justice to their work in physics.”

With no people or even animals involved, physics might seem an unpromising subject for gender analysis, but that’s no problem for a battle-tested feminist.

The supreme example of feminism tangling with science comes in a 1992 paper by N. Katherine Hayles called “Gender Encoding in Fluid Mechanics: Masculine Channels and Feminine Flows.” The area of physics that Hayles discusses is fluid mechanics—basically, the behavior of fluids under pressure, as in a pump or hydraulic system. She begins by invoking the work of a French feminist named Luce Irigaray, who asserts (incorrectly) that physicists have been quicker to investigate solids than liquids. Hayles explains where Irigaray goes with this pseudo-fact:

> The privileging of solid over fluid mechanics . . . she attributes to the association of fluidity with femininity. Whereas men have sex organs that protrude and become rigid, women have openings that leak menstrual blood and vaginal fluids. Although men, too, flow on occasion—when semen is emitted, for example [odd that this was the first example that came to mind, no?]—this aspect of their sexuality is not emphasized. It is the rigidity of the male organ that counts, not its complicity in fluid flow. . . . In the same way that women are erased within masculinist theories and language, existing only as not-men, so fluids have been erased from science, existing only as not-solids.

Hayles, a Duke literature professor originally trained in chemistry who has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and two NEH Fellowships, concedes Irigaray’s historical errors but praises her “elliptical prose and incendiary reasoning”—and then goes even farther. For example, scientists usually assume that a fluid is “continuous,” with no complicating elements like lumps or bubbles. Hayles points out that centuries ago, when the science of hydraulics was being formulated, “female reproductive organs . . . were represented as a disruption in the continuity of space.” Therefore, it seems, the assumption of continuity in fluids was like posting a big “No Girls Allowed” sign. The participation of women in science, she says, could have yielded another set of hydraulic equations, since “people living in different kinds of bodies and identifying with different gender constructions might well have arrived at different models for flow.”

Among other problems, Hayles makes the mistake of confusing an assumption made to simplify calculation with an actual statement about the real world. For her comment even to approach making sense, she would have to believe that male scientists were unaware of the existence of bubbles. Hayles has plenty more to say (12,000 words’ worth) along similar lines, which is why her paper has become a double-edged classic: Among feminists it is a staple of university reading lists, much quoted as an example of incisive scholarship, while among scientists it is cited as an example of sublime incoherence.

Feminism is now well into middle age. A century ago, it was a revolutionary movement; in the 1960s and 1970s, it was a political leaning; now it’s a profession. And, as is true of many professions, its practitioners spend much of their time making work for each other. On the bright side, the attempt to squeeze something as rigid and uncompromising as physics into the convoluted framework of feminist analysis is unlikely to do much harm, since most feminists recoil from science and most scientists recoil from feminism. Yet as theories grow ever more recondite and subject matter ever more abstract, it’s hard to say which is tougher to make sense of: advanced physics, or feminists’ attempts to explain it. **NR**

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McCain's Untouchables

Four men who should not be on the ticket

JOHN J. MILLER

As the recent HBO miniseries on his life revealed, John Adams was one of our most quotable Founding Fathers. Here's a remark he made about his vice presidency (both on television and in real life): "My country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

It's hard to envision a straight-faced Dick Cheney saying the same thing. A pundit probably wouldn't, either, if only because it might let the air out of what is bound to be this summer's easiest political-discussion starter: Whom will John McCain and Barack Obama pick for running mates?

The question is vital, if only because vice presidents so often become presidents: Nine have assumed high office upon the death or resignation of their predecessors, and five (including Adams) have won election in their own right. Since the days of Eisenhower, it's the odd veep who doesn't at least go on to secure his own party's nomination. Seven of the last eleven have done so.

This time around, the question holds special importance for Republicans. McCain turns 72 in August, raising delicate concerns about his health and less delicate ones about whether he'll choose to serve only a single term—he has hinted that even if he's elected in 2008, he won't seek reelection in 2012. So there's a strong chance that whoever runs with McCain this fall will be the GOP's standard bearer in four years. "This could be a long-term arrangement with deep ramifications for the philosophy of the Republican party," says Rep. Thaddeus McCotter, a Michigander who heads the Republican Policy Committee.

Some conservatives fear that the GOP bench is thinner than it was a decade ago, and they may be correct. Yet a number of McCain's possible choices could shore up a conservative base whose rank-and-file members remain skeptical of a man they see as too worried about global warming and not worried enough about immigration. Many of them have come to terms with McCain's victory in the primaries, and perhaps some even breathed a sigh of relief that Republicans quickly settled on their most viable general-election candidate in what promises to be a challenging year. At the same time, they don't want McCain to reshape the party in his image—and they earnestly hope he'll pick a partner they regard as one of their own.

A figure such as Mitt Romney, while not universally popular, would ease plenty of anxieties. Gov. Mark Sanford of South Carolina is well-liked by supply-siders. Gov. Tim Pawlenty of Minnesota and former congressman Rob Portman of Ohio could help tip the scales in swing states. Govs. Bobby Jindal of Louisiana and Sarah Palin of Alaska probably would benefit from a little more experience, but both are rising stars on the right, and either would provide a sense of youthful vigor to the ticket. This is by no means an exhaustive list of McCain's good options.

Yet there's no guarantee McCain will please conservatives with a smart pick. He could very well make a selection that angers them, with disastrous consequences. If majorities of just six state delegations to the national convention in the Twin Cities revolt, they can force a floor vote on an alternative to McCain's choice—and deal a bad blow to a campaign that probably can't

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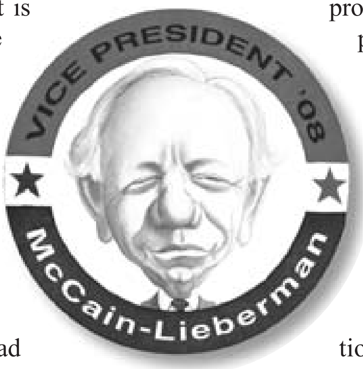
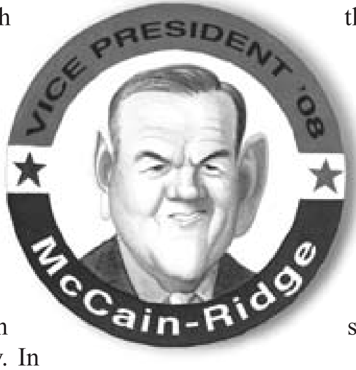
afford more than a few missteps between now and November.

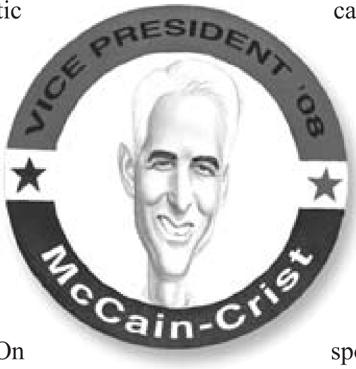
Only McCain and his closest advisers know for certain who is on the vice-presidential short list, but several possibilities would profoundly trouble conservatives. Call them McCain's Untouchables—politicians whose active support is welcome, but whose sudden elevation within the GOP isn't.



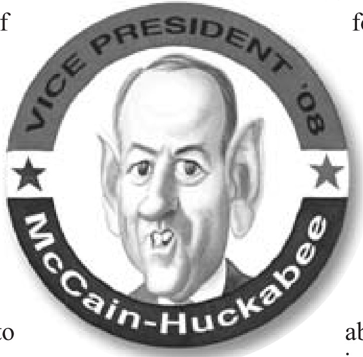
JOE LIEBERMAN: Many politicos believe that vice-presidential nominees are overrated, at least in terms of what they can deliver on Election Day—voters make their decisions based on the top of the ticket rather than the bottom. Yet it's almost indisputable that Al Gore made a mistake in 2000 when he tapped Lieberman, a senator from Connecticut. If he had selected Bob Graham, the now-retired senator from Florida, he probably would have picked up enough chads to become president. Lieberman couldn't help that he was from a state whose true-blue electoral votes weren't up for grabs, or that Gore suffered from a long list of his own inadequacies. The fact remains that Gore could have done better than Lieberman, and McCain can do much better as well.



In one sense, Lieberman is a 21st-century profile in courage—he has risked his career to support a war that he believes is necessary even though it's tremendously unpopular in his party. In 2006, an anti-war candidate swiped the Democratic nomination from him and Lieberman ran in the general election as an independent. Connecticut Republicans played a big part in sending him back to the Senate. Today he owns the honor that most recently belonged to Georgia senator Zell Miller: He's many conservatives' favorite Democrat.



Yet he's fundamentally a liberal—a pro-war liberal in the mold of the Cold War's Scoop Jackson, but a liberal nonetheless. In the Senate, Lieberman continues to caucus with Democrats. On run-of-the-mill party-line votes, he's reliably on the side of Harry Reid. In 2007, he earned a rating of just 8 percent from the American Conservative Union. That's only a single point better than Obama. Lieberman voted against extending President Bush's tax cuts as well as for bills to fund abortions and strip workers of their right to secret ballots during union organization.



ROMAN GENN

It isn't necessary for McCain to have a running mate who concurs with him on every issue—indeed, conservatives should hope that he doesn't. Cheney has shown that it's possible to finesse a difference, as he has done with Bush on gay marriage. With Lieberman, however, the disagreements are much more numerous and harder to bridge. If he becomes vice president, the United States would be one heartbeat away from a Democratic administration.

TOM RIDGE: The former governor of Pennsylvania almost made the cut with Bush eight years ago—had he been pro-life, he could very well have taken Cheney's spot back then, and might even hold McCain's today. Yet the GOP remains a pro-life party. If it ever settles for a veep who supports abortion rights, it will take a presidential candidate with more influence among social conservatives than McCain to make the sale. What's more, Catholics are overrepresented in Midwestern battleground states, and the election may turn on such working-class, socially conservative voters. As a pro-abortion Catholic, Ridge would have trouble courting them.

Ridge could announce a conversion on abortion. Fred Barnes has suggested as much in the pages of the *Weekly Standard*, citing the example of the elder George Bush, who became a pro-lifer around the time he signed up with Ronald Reagan. A generation ago, however, the politics of abortion were much more fluid than they are today. Romney's change of heart on abortion was probably a greater liability during the primaries than his Mormonism, and a similar revision by Ridge would look even more opportunistic. It's certainly not what you'd expect from a guy who's supposed to ride shotgun on the Straight Talk Express.

Ridge's troubles don't end there. As a Republican congressman in the 1980s, he amassed an unexpectedly liberal voting record. During Reagan's second term, according to a *Congressional Quarterly* analysis, he was more likely to oppose White House initiatives than to support them. He was a friend of Big Labor, which isn't a surprise given his Erie-based district. Yet he also backed the nuclear-freeze movement and tried to defund missile defense. As governor in the 1990s, his biggest political triumph was to secure public funding for sports stadiums in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He certainly wasn't a game-changing conservative reformer in the mold of Michigan's John Engler or Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson.

Governors who run for federal office are regularly accused of not knowing enough about national security, and Ridge arguably solved this problem by serving as the Department of Homeland Security's first-ever secretary. Yet his tenure there was unremarkable—he is perhaps most remembered for supplying late-night comedians with jokes about duct tape and rainbow-colored threat advisories. More important, he failed to shape the culture of a new department during its formative stages. "It was a tough job and maybe even an impossible one, but he was supposed to be a better executive than what we got," says a Hill staffer.

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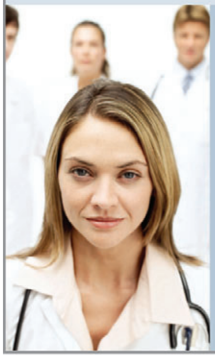

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CHARLIE CRIST: On June 13, Florida's chief executive spoke to a group of Republicans in Orange County, Calif. "Your governor, Arnold Schwarzenegger, is doing a great job!" he said. "I love him!" Frank Mickadeit of the *Orange County Register* reported the reaction: "Thud. The groans in the room were audible . . . *audible!!!* Obviously, Crist's advance team had failed to tell him that conservatives see Arnold as a vapid, poll-driven sellout who faked 'em out good."

If Crist were the second coming of Jeb Bush, many conservatives would urge McCain to tap him. As it happens, one of Jeb's recent speeches included a thinly veiled criticism of Crist, whose most significant accomplishment so far has been to socialize his state's hurricane insurance.

Crist is not a conservative, but rather a populist who has assumed conservative positions on a few issues, such as taxes and crime. "If these issues didn't poll well, I'd worry about Crist," says a veteran conservative activist. What's more, Crist supports abortion rights. And are Americans ready to accept a bachelor vice president?

One of the biggest arguments in Crist's favor is that McCain could immediately bank the Sunshine State's 27 electoral votes. But as a Republican consultant points out: "If McCain needs Crist to win Florida, we can all go to bed at 8 o'clock on election night, because we're doomed."

MIKE HUCKABEE: With the obvious exception of Obama, the former governor of Arkansas was the most stirring political talent to emerge on the presidential scene this year. He came almost out of nowhere, and arguably finished the Republican primaries as the runner-up. Evangelicals were responsible for much of his success, and Huckabee presumably would help McCain with these voters.

But not all of the strong emotions he sparked were positive. His economic populism turned off free-marketers. He would almost certainly inspire a new round of tedious speculation about whether the Christian Right is taking over the Republican party—a story that media liberals would love, even though it would be hogwash. It certainly wouldn't help McCain sway independents.

Earlier this year, the press briefly romanced Huckabee, seeing him as a plucky underdog who spiced up the GOP primaries and filled their copy with clever quips. In the heat of a general election, however, reporters no longer would portray him as colorful, but as crazy. Huckabee might even give them a hand, making another off-the-cuff remark similar to the one he delivered during a speech to the National Rifle Association in May. He tried to joke about someone's aiming a gun at Obama, and it was far cruder than anything Hillary Clinton said a few days later about RFK and June primaries.

More seriously, Huckabee isn't ready for the job. During the primaries, he revealed himself as a foreign-policy neophyte—but worse than a lack of experience was a seeming lack of interest. National security should be a core strength of the GOP. It's certainly one of McCain's. Huckabee would undermine it badly.

On June 18, a reporter asked Huckabee about the possibility of joining McCain's ticket. "I'm not sure I'm the right fit for him," said the former governor. He could have said the same of the other Untouchables, too. **NR**

■ **THE GOP**

Battle for The 'Burbs

How Republicans can compete for the upper middle class

ROSS DOUTHAT & REIHAN SALAM

IT was only four years ago that conservatives—and a great many liberals—were convinced that the Democratic party was doomed to become a purely regional institution: "a national party no more," to borrow the title of Georgia Democrat–turned–Bush supporter Zell Miller's 2003 memoir. Pundits brandished county-by-county maps showing blue enclaves drowning in a sea of red; they talked up the growth of GOP-leaning regions and constituencies and the daunting demographic gaps (God, babies) facing the Democratic party; they murmured in awe about the unbeatable political machine Karl Rove and Ken Mehlman had built. To most observers, the Republicans looked like America's natural majority, while the Democrats looked like a liberal rump, confined to the coasts and big cities, and permanently alienated from the American heartland.

Now the situation is reversed. Now it's the Democrats who expect to control the presidency and both houses of Congress come January, and perhaps for years to come. Since 2004 the GOP has lost ground on nearly every demographic and geographic front—white collar and blue collar, Hispanic and redneck, Catholic and evangelical. The party has been routed in the Northeast, taken heavy losses in the Midwest and Mountain West, and even tasted defeat deep in the South.

Perhaps the only good news for the GOP is that it has the example of the Democratic party's rapid turnabout to ponder as it attempts to break out of its current box. True, the Republican road back probably won't be smoothed by an unpopular war, a sagging economy, and an opposition-party president with Carteresque approval ratings, as the Democrats' revival has been. Even so, there are lessons for the GOP in the Democratic party's transformation from blue-state rump to national juggernaut.

The biggest problem facing any flailing political party is its need simultaneously to accomplish two seemingly contradictory feats: re-energizing its core supporters while cutting into the other party's natural base. Over the last four years, the Democratic party has managed to do both. First a shared hatred of George W. Bush and then a shared enthusiasm for Barack Obama has made the party's

Mr. Douthat is a senior editor at *The Atlantic*. Mr. Salam is an associate editor at *The Atlantic* and a fellow at the New America Foundation. This essay is adapted from their new book *Grand New Party: How Republicans Can Win the Working Class and Save the American Dream*.

Great Speeches by a Great American

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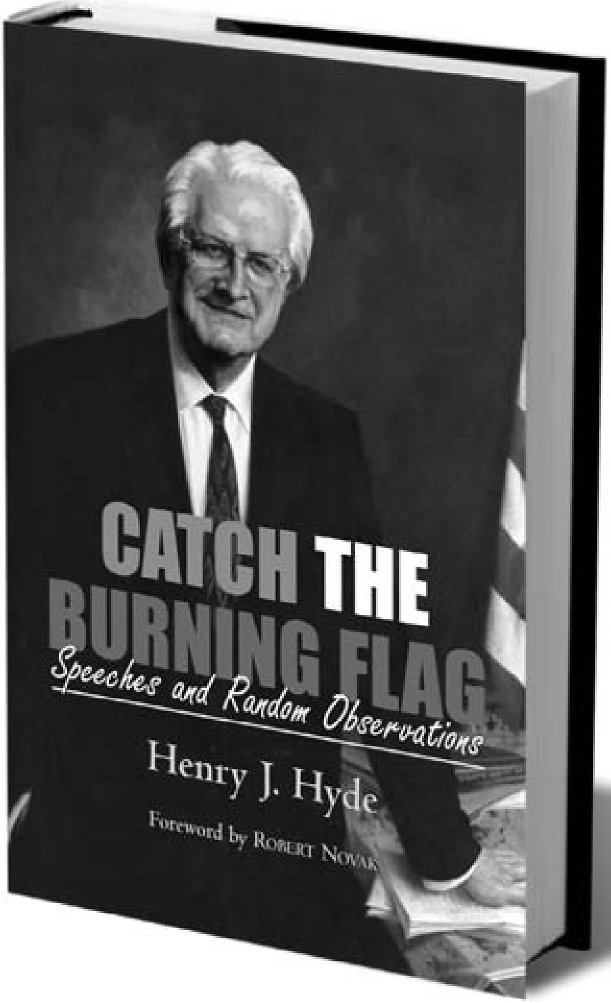
Catch the Burning Flag: Speeches and Random Observations

A giant in stature and influence, the late Henry Hyde's defense of freedom, justice, and the sanctity of innocent human life left a powerful legacy on Capitol Hill and around the world. Saddened by his recent death, we're nevertheless happy to announce *National Review*'s new book by the revered Illinois Republican lawmaker—*Catch the Burning Flag: Speeches and Random Observations*. This handsome hardcover collection captures the most important thoughts and deepest reflections by the great conservative, renowned for decades as the House of Representatives' most persuasive orator. A must for your library, and a wonderful gift, *Catch the Burning Flag* (which was in final production just as our good friend passed away) includes Hyde's most powerful speeches (with his own insightful commentary) on a range of key topics, from the Clinton impeachment trials, term limits, and abortion to flag burning, the Iran-Contra affair, and the fate of Democracy. Here's what some leading figures have to say about Henry Hyde and *Catch the Burning Flag*:



George F. Will, Pulitzer Prize-winning syndicated columnist: Henry Hyde's luminous career demonstrated that strong convictions, strongly fought for, need not be impediments to bipartisan respect and affection. Readers of this volume will be delighted by the power of a much-loved man's public life. Their delight will be dampened only by the melancholy realization of how rare such men are.

Carl Anderson, Supreme Knight, Knights of Columbus: For more than three decades, Henry Hyde was one of the most respected Members of Congress. No wonder that this collection of his speeches and essays is wise and inspiring, poignant and funny, candid and insightful—sometimes all at the same time. Hyde recently received the Presidential Medal of Freedom, our nation's highest civilian honor. This book shows how richly he deserved it.

Robert Novak, syndicated columnist (from his Foreword): These speeches reflect a rare combination of eloquence and erudition, and something more. In an age of increasing specialization on Capitol Hill, Henry Hyde was the Renaissance man there. Readers of this book must be impressed by the breadth and variety of his expertise. Considering the liberal assault on Hyde as a Catholic extremist who keeps poor women from abortions and persecuted Bill Clinton, the tone here may come as a surprise to some. These selections are free of Republican partisanship and remarkably non-ideological.

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base—blacks and white, well-off, web-savvy liberals—more excited about being Democrats than they've been since 1992, or possibly even 1964. Meanwhile, the national party has pursued an initially derided, eventually lauded "50-state strategy" aimed at rebuilding itself in solidly Republican regions as well as swing states. The result has been a slew of successful local candidates who have expanded the definition of what it means to be a Democrat, and in the process swiped votes from constituencies the GOP was supposed to own.

GRAND
NEW
PARTY
HOW REPUBLICANS CAN WIN
THE WORKING CLASS
AND SAVE THE AMERICAN DREAM
ROSS DOUTHAT & REIHAN SALAM

For Republicans, the road back to power involves pulling the same feat off in reverse. On one hand, the GOP needs to consolidate and energize its base, especially the middle-class and working-class voters in flyover states who formed the backbone of George W. Bush's majority. (This task will be made more difficult by the fact that many Republicans seem to think that "energizing the base" means appealing to a set of D.C.-based interest groups rather than actual voters.) But on the other hand, Republicans need a set of issues and candidates that can do what Democrats Travis Childers and Don Cazayoux just did in Mississippi and Louisiana, respectively—win elections in areas that have been trending to the other party for years or decades. If the challenge for the Democrats' 50-state strategy has been to win over the vast middle-American constituency that has been termed "Sam's Club conservatives," the challenge for a Republican 50-state strategy is to win over a very different demographic: the affluent, well-educated, increasingly liberal upper middle class.

THE UPPER MIDDLE CLASS MOVES LEFT

There was a time when this group was the backbone of the GOP. The correlation between rising education levels and rising Republican affiliation was once a constant in American politics: Except for the LBJ landslide, managers and professionals voted for the GOP ticket in every presidential election between 1952 and 1988. Well-educated voters in that era tended to identify with business rather than with government; they valued fiscal prudence over liberal extravagance, and social stability over rapid change; and they prized a suburban way of life that seemed threatened first by creeping statism and then by the left-wing radicalism of the 1960s.

But as America changed, so did the upper middle class, growing larger and steadily more liberal. The upheavals of the 1960s produced a generation raised in affluence but steeped in a radicalism that would diminish but not disappear with age. The causes of their youth—feminism, environmentalism, secularism, gay rights—became the orthodoxies of their adulthood, and the result was the rise of an upper-middle-class lifestyle politics defined by its rejection of mid-century social norms and its support for the new social order that the 1960s and 1970s had ushered in.

This cultural turn dovetailed with the changing economic landscape. The women who flooded into the post-Sixties workplace, delaying marriage and childbirth for the sake of professional success, have become a key liberal constituency (in the Eisenhower era, women favored the Republicans, but no longer), as have the growing ranks of professionals who depend on an activist government for their livelihood—social workers, trial lawyers, lobbyists, unionized teachers. More broadly, the old labor/management/government triangle of the industrial era, in which the upper middle class tended to identify with management and the free market against union bosses and government regulators, has given way to a post-industrial landscape in which the professional classes tend to identify as artists or caregivers or activists as much as entrepreneurs. This new "creative class," to swipe Richard Florida's fawning description, prides itself on trafficking not in dollars and products but in concepts and information and *ideas*. They define themselves against what they perceive as the crassness and sterility of corporate America, justifying their success as capitalists—what their younger selves might have described as "selling out"—with dollops of activism and social consciousness, and down-the-line Democratic voting.

Above all, the upper middle class has grown richer and larger and more mobile than it used to be, which in turn has insulated many of its members from the forces that used to make well-to-do voters conservative. In a sense, the post-Reagan Republican party is a victim of its own success at cutting taxes and crime and spurring economic growth—and pushing the Democrats toward the center on all three fronts. But the GOP is also a victim of the upper middle class's success, which has made well-educated, well-off voters less sensitive to tax rates and crime rates—and just about everything else, in fact—than ever before, and left them free to vote their values rather than their investment portfolios.

For a long time, though, these trends have actually benefited the Republicans, who gained working-class votes even as they slowly lost their grip on the professional class and won a majority in the process. In his 1969 book *The Emerging Republican Majority*, Kevin Phillips urged the GOP to give up on wooing what he termed "silk stocking" voters in favor of a politics that aimed "to resurrect the vitality and commitment of Middle America—from sharecroppers and truckers to the alienated lower middle classes." To the extent that the Right followed his advice in subsequent decades, it reaped benefits at the polls, earning enough working-class votes to more than offset the leftward migration of the upper-middle-class bloc.

What was true in the Seventies and Eighties has been true in the Bush era as well. Many voters who might once have been flinty Rockefeller Republicans or pocketbook-conscious Orange County conservatives voted, reluctantly or eagerly, for Al Gore and John Kerry. But for every lost Santa Barbara suburbanite, Bush won a socially conservative white Catholic; for every ex-Republican stockbroker working on his third wife, he captured a middle-income Hispanic. In the 2004 election he lost Connecticut but won New Mexico; lost California but made inroads into the Old Northwest, taking Iowa and coming close in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The heirs of Nelson Rockefeller are trending Democratic, but Bush found a way to attract a fraction, if not a majority, of the descendants of César Chávez, Hubert Humphrey, and Robert La Follette.

Yet doing so won him barely half the vote, compared with the landslides that similar achievements won for Richard Nixon and

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Golan Heights

To Whom Do They Belong? Can Israel Survive Without Them?

In a transparent effort to improve his thuggish image, Syria's president Bashar Assad has proposed to meet with Israeli government officials to discuss the possibility of peace. There can be no question that "peace" is not on Mr. Assad's mind, but rather the recovery of the Golan Heights, from which Syria has launched three major wars against Israel.

What are the facts?

Historical Background— IThe Golan was always part of the Jewish homeland. The Syrian claim to the Golan is tenuous. Syria, as a political entity, did not exist at all until after the first World War. Until then it was just another province in the Ottoman empire, with ill-defined borders. In 1923, in an Anglo/French great power play, the border between Syria and Israel was established. The Golan Heights were ceded to Syria. Even before the establishment of Israel in 1948, the Syrians, having heavily fortified the area, subjected the villages in northern Israel to almost daily shellings, making normal life impossible. In the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria attacked Israel and was defeated. Israel occupied the Golan Heights and in 1981, for all practical purposes, annexed them.

> "With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arab armies could be confident of defeat, and peace would be preserved. To hand back the Golan to Syria at this time would be a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction."

Syria and its President—Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is classified by the U.S. State Department as a narcotic-dealing and terrorist state. Its main fury is directed against Israel, which is perceived as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both of which Syria abhors and totally rejects.

Syria's former president, Hafez Assad, was a tyrant, every bit as ruthless and as cunning as his unlamented Iraqi counterpart Saddam Hussein. His son, the current president, is equally despotic, though not quite as smart as his father. Syria is a world center for terrorism. It still harbors Nazi bigwigs, who found welcome there after the World War. Few doubt that Hafez Assad was the mastermind behind the attack on the US Marines barracks in Beirut in which 241 Americans were killed. The Syrian government oversees one of the largest narcotics and counterfeiting operations in the world.

Military Security—The Golan is a small plateau of about 400 square miles. If it were a part of Syria it would be less than 1% of its territory. But it is of supreme strategic importance to Israel. Its high ground provides early-warning capability, without which Israel—just as in 1948, in 1967, and in 1973—would be subject to surprise attack by the Syrians. Its loss would obligate Israel to stay on constant alert and to maintain a state of readiness and mobilization that would be economically and socially untenable. The Golan, which ranges up to a height of 2300 ft., dominates the Jordan Valley, the lowest point on earth, about 700 ft. below sea level. On the Golan itself, there are only two natural terrain bottlenecks through which tanks can advance. Those choke points are defensible and made possible the repulse of 1400 Syrian tanks that attacked Israel in the 1973 war. But with the Golan in Syrian hands, and without the radar installations that would give Israel warning of any military movements, thousands of tanks—backed up by missiles and airplanes—could overrun Israel in a matter of hours. It would be a strategically impossible situation, especially for a country as small as Israel—smaller than Lake Michigan, smaller by half than San Bernardino County in California. The Golan does not make for perfect defense, but it gives Israel a small, vitally important breathing space for mobilization.

The Golan is the source of over one-third of Israel's fresh water. In 1964, with the Golan in Syrian hands, Syria attempted to divert these headwaters and to cripple Israel's water supply. It is more than likely that, given another opportunity, Syria would once again attempt to destroy Israel's water supply.

Syria has attacked Israel three times across the Golan. Given its implacable hostility, no responsible Israeli leader could possibly return the Golan to Syria. If it were to give up the high ground of the Golan and return to the "death trap" borders of 1967 or anything close to it, Israel, in order to survive, would have to rely on the good will of the Arab states, whose main policy objective is the destruction of Israel. Even though peace-for-peace would be the best solution, how about this: In order to assuage Arab pride, consider granting formal ownership of the Golan to Syria and having Israel—given the precedents of Guantánamo and Hong Kong—lease it back for a hundred-year period. An aggressor will attack only if confident of victory. With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arab armies could be confident of defeat, and peace would be preserved. To hand back the Golan to Syria at this time would be a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction.

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Ronald Reagan. John Judis and Ruy Teixeira call this phenomenon "George McGovern's Revenge": The upper middle class has steadily grown, along with the number of black and Latin voters, to the point where McGovern's 1972 coalition is nearly large enough to command a national majority. At the same time, the white working class has slowly shrunk. The share of adults over 25 who are non-college-educated whites has gone from over 80 percent in 1940 to under half today. So while Republicans remain broadly in line with the values of this crucial constituency, they are in the uncomfortable position of relying on ever-larger majorities of an ever-shrinking group.

In upcoming decades, then, the GOP will increasingly be in a position with the upper middle class that the Democrats have been in with the working class since the Clinton era: It's a demographic they don't need to win outright, but one in which they can't afford to get slaughtered on Election Day. Obviously there's no imaginable future in which the Republican party wins over Bobo bastions like San Francisco and Cambridge, Mass. But if the national GOP wants to win 55 percent of the vote instead of 51 percent, and to compete in 50 states—as Nixon and Reagan did—rather than 35, it isn't enough to reconstitute the Bush majority; it needs to be expanded as well.

UPWARD, OUTWARD

So far, Republicans have pursued two main strategies to woo well-educated voters. One is simply to mimic candidates of the center-Left, offering a me-too politics that promises to combine the comforts of voting for a liberal with the frisson of being independent-minded. This might be called the Lincoln Chafee approach, after the Rhode Island senator who campaigned and legislated as a Democrat in all but name, and Chafee's fate (he was defeated for reelection in 2006) suggests the approach's limits as a political strategy: In a polarized climate, it's awfully hard to persuade liberal-leaning voters to go with the RINO when there's a real Democrat available. (This is to say nothing, obviously, of the Chafee strategy's uselessness in actually advancing conservative ideas.)

The second strategy might be called the Giuliani approach, after the former New York mayor's ill-fated 2008 presidential bid, which was supposed to make the GOP competitive again among northeastern and West Coast suburbanites by kicking away one leg of the Republican stool: doubling down on the tax-cutting and hawkishness, but losing the social conservatism. This is the strategy that has been urged on the GOP by a generation of pro-choice Republicans, from Christine Todd Whitman to Pete Wilson. But the failure of the Giuliani campaign is a reminder of why it hasn't been adopted. Yes, there are districts and regions—such as Rudy's New York City—where backing socially liberal candidates who are otherwise conservative makes sense for the Republican party. But any effort to rebrand the national party as neutral, indifferent, or liberal on abortion would amount to destroying the coalition in order to save it.

The broader problem with both of these approaches is their assumption that the Republican party mainly needs to *subtract* a set of issues in order to increase its share of the upper-middle-class vote. Obviously, blurring the differences between the two parties can be helpful—just ask the pro-life, pro-gun Democrats who've been winning elections in the heart of Red America. But in the long term, parties don't peel away voters just by minimizing their differences with the opposition party; they peel them away by emphasizing the differences that their opponents don't want to talk about.

Consider that the GOP's best performance in recent years among voters with postgraduate degrees, the heart of the mass upper class, came in the 2002 midterms, when they backed Republican congressional candidates by 51 percent to 45 percent. Had the GOP gone wobbly on abortion or suddenly embraced gay marriage? Of course not: It was the *difference* between the two parties on national security, suddenly reasserting itself after a decade of abeyance, that made all the difference. Similarly, the new wave of culturally conservative Democrats have used their pro-life, pro-gun stances to neutralize attacks from the right—but they've been *winning* with a neo-populist economic message that sharpens rather than elides the distinctions between Left and Right.

The challenge for Republicans is to find a set of wedge issues that will enable them to do the same thing with the upper middle class—issues that convince proto-Bobos in Northern Virginia or suburban New Jersey that they have more in common with Sam's Club conservatism than with the silk-stocking liberalism that they're increasingly embracing. With this in mind, here are four avenues that the GOP might pursue.

School Choice for the Suburbs. The educational arms race is central to the lives of upper-middle-class suburbanites. That's one reason President Bush championed tough standards and accountability in 2000—to signal that he understood that reforming education was a high priority. But No Child Left Behind was aimed at improving educational outcomes for poor children, not the vast majority of suburban kids. The real educational crisis for most suburban families is a crisis of affordability, in which home prices and tax rates in above-average school districts climb as ambitious parents struggle to give their children a leg up.

This is where conservatives usually sing the virtues of school vouchers, which decouple home prices from the quality of schools by letting money follow students according to the discretion of their parents. It's an attractive vision for the inner city, or for a tabula rasa world, but in the real world, suburban parents—conservatives as well as liberals—have proved resistant to vouchers. Decoupling home prices from school quality would be a great thing for young couples just starting out, but it's a potentially terrible thing for families that have already invested most of their wealth in their homes. At the same time, families who have fled the cities fear that school choice will open up their schools to children from the communities they deliberately left behind.

That's not the most generous impulse, but protectiveness of this sort isn't going to go away. To win these voters back, Republicans need to sidestep the voucher debate and instead emphasize real local control of schools. Conventional, union-dominated public schools have to abide by spending formulas and staffing ratios set by a central board of education. Local management—that is, the principal who knows the situation close at hand—has relatively little discretion. This is the great advantage of charter schools, which allow principals to be innovative and entrepreneurial, allocating funds and making hiring decisions to address the needs of parents and children, rather than to satisfy the dictates of the bureaucracy.

It's no surprise that administrators in conventional public schools are annoyed by the attention lavished on charters. If they had the same freedom, they argue, they could match or exceed charter-school results. So why not give it to them? Instead of slowly expanding the number of public charter schools, why not offer the same spending discretion to every public school in a district? In the areas we're discussing, many districts contain multiple schools at each grade level, so the potential for competition is great.

The approach, called the weighted-student formula, is simple: The more students a public school attracts, the more public money it gets—and that money is spent at the discretion of the principal, not unions and bureaucrats. To attract students, schools within a district have to differentiate themselves and deliver results. And they have to be accountable, since centralized spending decisions—always fat targets for self-dealing—would give way to transparent spending decisions made at the local level.

At present, the weighted-student formula is being championed by reformist liberals in one-party cities like San Francisco and New York. But only Republicans can take the idea nationwide, since it threatens to divide and weaken the teachers' unions, on which the national Democratic party has come to depend. It's a cause that could make mincemeat of the Left's claim to represent the interests of children. And by leaving district boundaries and funding more or less intact for purposes of administrative convenience while encouraging experimentation within each district, the weighted-student formula would allay suburbanites' fears about seeing their kids bused into unsafe schools while delivering many of the benefits of a voucher program.

The Greening of Conservatism. For the moment, Democrats own the environment as an issue, in large part because Republicans have conceded it to them. That needs to change. For many upper-middle-class voters, the environment is as much a values issue as abortion is to social conservatives. And as the consensus surrounding the role of human-produced carbon emissions in climate change has grown stronger, conservatives have often taken a head-in-the-sand approach, which in turn has fit neatly into a larger left-wing narrative of a know-nothing, anti-science Right—a narrative that has become one of the many drags on the GOP's ability to woo professionals.

John McCain deserves credit for recognizing these realities. Unfortunately, with his support for cap-and-trade, he's pulled a Chafee on the issue, copying Democratic proposals rather than advancing a conservative alternative. By aping liberalism's call for a regulatory approach to climate change, the McCain approach allows Democrats to continue to pose as visionaries on the issue, rather than exposing them for what they are: top-down statists who are imposing a distaste for industrial society and the suburban lifestyle on what is fundamentally a question of problem-solving. (More encouraging is McCain's proposal to build 45 new nuclear power plants by 2030.)

By debating liberals on the best approach for fighting climate change, conservatives can make the case for an environmentalism that is pro-growth and pro-jobs. One approach, advanced in these pages by Jim Manzi and elsewhere by reformist liberals Michael Shellenberger and Ted Nordhaus, is to eschew punitive approaches like carbon taxes or a cap-and-trade system—which would be a messier and more complex form of carbon taxes—and instead embrace large investments in alternative technologies. For instance, conservatives could propose an agency dedicated to funding alternative-energy research—modeled, perhaps, on the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), which has sparked dramatic advances in the realm of defense technology. Here, too, McCain has a good idea with his proposal of a $300 million prize for the inventor of an improved automobile battery. The threat posed by global warming is real, the Right should argue, but massive new regulatory burdens will undercut the growth and innovation we need to build lasting and effective solutions. That message—that we should innovate, rather than regulate, our way out of our energy dilemma—will resonate with upper-middle-class voters, particularly when they understand how the costs of cap-and-trade will impact their lives.

> The threat posed by global warming is real, the Right should argue, but massive new regulatory burdens will undercut the growth and innovation we need to build lasting and effective solutions.

The Politics of Commuting. An innovation-driven approach to fighting climate change would also enable conservatives to define themselves as the champions of the suburban lifestyle, against a liberalism that seeks to dramatically raise the costs of gas and homeownership. Whether you're talking about Phoenix or Atlanta or Chicago or Philadelphia, suburban families share at least two interests: They want enough elbow room to raise their families, and they want to keep traffic moving. The modern commute is a sleeper issue that a pro-family, pro-suburb party ought to exploit.

As Nicholas Kulish of the *New York Times* has pointed out, 25 years ago the average American spent just 16 hours annually sitting in traffic; by 2003, the figure was up to 47 hours, at a cost of $63.1 billion (and 2.3 billion extra gallons of gasoline burned) per annum. America's highway infrastructure simply hasn't been modernized enough to keep up with population growth. Vehicle-lane miles (a measure of how much use highways are getting) have increased by nearly 150 percent since the 1970s, but America has added just 5 percent in highway capacity, putting an immense strain on commuters' schedules, pocketbooks, and tempers. Naturally, the problem is likely to get worse. In *The Road More Traveled*, their manifesto for an improved transportation policy, Ted Balaker and Sam Staley estimate that traffic delays will increase by another 65 percent over the next quarter century.

Liberals generally insist that the traffic problem can be alleviated only with mass transit, because building more highways "induces demand" and leaves the roads just as congested as before. But as Balaker and Staley note, increasing pavement reliably reduces commuting delays: Dallas has twice as much pavement per person as Los Angeles, and (surprise!) half the congestion. And more lanes are just the beginning of the sort of solutions Republicans should support: Private-public partnerships, in which toll highways are administered by companies with an interest in maximizing movement through their toll booths, can provide needed funds for infrastructure; traffic-signal patterns can be optimized and freeway ramps monitored to keep the flow of traffic steady throughout a commute; and differential pricing on lanes and highways can reduce congestion by drawing more commuters into off-peak hours. (Sometimes new tolls would have to be imposed to pay for the construction, but the benefits would be well worth the cost. The point is to establish Republicans as pro-car and pro-road.)

This last solution will require a shift toward flexible work schedules, but this is already happening in many industries, and it brings us to another potential conservative response to the commuting crunch: public investments in telecommuting infrastructure. Telecommuting is one of the great boons of the Internet age, and 44 million Americans already telecommute part-time. Working long-distance promises not only to shore up the suburban way of life—by enabling parents to live in cheaper areas and spend more time with their children—but to reduce our economy's environmental footprint.

The long-running conservative answer to the crime problem—tough sentencing and mass incarceration—while successful, has reached a point of diminishing returns.

Moreover, a new national-infrastructure strategy would dovetail with the conservative crusade against earmarks. As Kulish points out: "Because there is no national vision of how money should be spent to upgrade America's physical plant, the money that is allocated for it is being spent piecemeal on dubious projects." The "Bridge to Nowhere" isn't just a waste of money, Republicans should tell suburbanites—it's the reason you have to sit in traffic an extra 20 minutes every day.

Defusing the Crime Bomb. The GOP's appeals to law and order in the face of the post-Sixties crime wave were crucial to building the Reagan majority, and the declining importance of the crime issue, in turn, has been crucial to upper-middle-class voters' leftward swing. But crime, like commuting, is a sleeper issue for the GOP. It still matters to suburban voters, as evidenced by everything from the national panic over sex offenders to the rising fears of immigrant gangs in states like California and Virginia. The trouble is that the long-running conservative answer to the crime problem—tough sentencing and mass incarceration—while successful, has reached a point of diminishing returns.

Indeed, the unintended consequences of this draconian approach may be on the verge of spurring a new crime wave. Huge numbers of prisoners who have been locked up since the 1980s, when tough sentencing spread nationwide, will be released from prison over the next decade. Most of these men were arrested early in life, and most have had very little in the way of education. And the opportunities for illicit activity are likely to increase just as this generation is hitting the streets. The imported drugs that landed many of these men in prison in the first place are being replaced by homegrown drugs that are virtually impossible to interdict.

A similar cocktail of demographic change and criminal opportunity led to a crisis of authority in the 1970s. A new crime wave, particularly one linked to Hispanic immigration and black recidivism, could set us back by decades and lead to renewed racial tension and resentment. And as gang violence spreads beyond the inner cities—something that's already happening in many regions, as programs designed to break up pockets of concentrated poverty disperse lawbreakers into the suburbs—voters living in the inner suburbs will find themselves on the front lines. Already voter anxiety is rising: The percentage of Americans who told the General Social Survey that they are "afraid to walk in their neighborhood at night" rose five percentage points between 2004 and 2006, after declining every year since 1994.

Instead of waiting for a crime explosion, conservatives should find policies to prevent it. And the best prevention is simply having more cops on the beat. It wasn't just prisons that brought the last crime wave to a halt in the 1990s. It was also the dramatic increase in the size of police forces, whose per capita numbers rose by 10 percent between 1994 and 1999, with sharper increases in the biggest cities. We're still a long way from having a law-enforcement glut: According to an estimate by economist John Donohue, the United States would need to hire 500,000 more police officers before reaching the point of diminishing returns. To put that number in context, there are only 665,000 police officers in the United States at present.

Moreover, a shift to a policing-first strategy would enable the national GOP to follow the lead of figures like Sen. Sam Brownback of Kansas and advocate prison reform as well as prevention. In the struggle to win upper-middle-class votes, this two-pronged approach could offer Republicans the best of both worlds: They'd be asking suburbanites to vote their fears and their consciences at once.

OUTSIDE THE BOX

What all of these proposals have in common is the capacity to divide the upper middle class against itself, pitting rich liberals who are insulated from the costs of voting Democratic—longer commutes and higher gas prices, uncompetitive schools and higher crime rates—against upwardly mobile centrists who aren't. None of these ideas are likely to turn the suburbs of New York or Los Angeles dark red anytime soon. But they might just help the GOP break out of its current regional and demographic box and become a national party again. **NR**

THE MEDIA

In Love and Hauteur

Obama and the press, sneering together

NOEMIE EMERY

THE press is in love, really in love, the kind of love that comes twice in a century. Sure, it has had crushes before—on John McCain and Bill Clinton—but those were mere infatuations, and the ardor ebbed quickly. In the cold light of day, the press is finding McCain not quite as cute as they thought him; and as for the old flame, Bill Clinton, when the going got tough and he took swipes at its new love, the press tossed him under the bus and backed over him, most notably with a particularly salacious hit piece—by the husband of one of his former assistants!—in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*. That previously Clinton-loving magazine now has a passion for Barack Obama, as do *Time* and *Newsweek*, which embarrass themselves on a near-weekly basis. NBC exists mainly to ooze Obamadoration, with other news outlets not far behind.

"Many journalists are not merely observers but participants in the Obama phenomenon," write John F. Harris and Jim VandeHei of Politico.com. Harris thinks some of his reporters need "detox" to get over their rapture, while VandeHei adds, "There is no doubt reporters are smitten with Obama's speeches and promises to change politics." What causes this madness in rational people? Nothing too mad: similar outlooks and interests in common. The press and Obama are a match made in heaven. This isn't insanity, but the product of wholly predictable forces, coming together in an outcome that seems preordained.

Twice before, the American press has had mass crushes on national candidates, but these seem to be two different things. John F. Kennedy and Theodore Roosevelt were young—43 and 42—when they became president, both fit the template of American royalty, and both had a genius unmatched before or since for marketing themselves and their families for political gain. They served, in effect, as a fantasy grid for the press and the nation, a compilation of much-longed-for assets and traits.

Both men had money, but their families had not yet been softened by privilege. They were unusually literate for politicians—they read books and wrote them—but they also had combat feats to their credit: Kennedy's PT-109 and Roosevelt's inspiring charge at the battle of San Juan Hill. They showed vigor—or, in JFK's case, "vigah"—in the form of touch-football games on the lawn at the Kennedy compound at Hyannis, 50-mile hikes (which JFK inspired, but never managed to go on), and the obstacle courses at Roosevelt's Sagamore Hill, in which hikers were obliged to go through or over—never around—any roadblock that came in their way. There were beautiful women, Alice and Jackie, and adorable sons, Quentin and John Jr., each of whom would later die young in an airplane. There were the many and varied extended-family members, the summer retreats in expensive and picturesque places, and the exotic upper-class pastimes: The Roosevelts liked to go big-game hunting, often in Africa, and Jackie Kennedy, who was given a magnificent Arabian steed by Pakistan's president, enjoyed riding to hounds.

MEET THE PRESS

Many years later, reviving the TR and JFK ambience would make Ralph Lauren a millionaire many times over, but the stars themselves were no slouches when it came to selling their brand. "TR was far from being a spectator in the merchandising of his image," write Peter Collier and David Horowitz in their book on the Roosevelt families. "He always had reporters around, good ones like Jacob Riis and Lincoln Steffens, who allowed him to go over the heads of politicians. . . . During the Cuban campaign, he had received some of the greatest battlefield publicity in the history of warfare from friendly correspondents like Richard Harding Davis and even from more critical ones like Stephen Crane. . . . The courtship had intensified in Albany, where TR [as governor of New York] had daily informal chats with newspapermen and delivered enticing off-the-record opinions while sitting on the corner of his desk. . . . He was also the first to hold 'backgrounders,' briefings at which he would present his ideas not for attribution except as an 'informed source.'" He was the first to preempt a rival's move by springing something more newsworthy on him, "the first President to give out press releases on a Sunday so that he would have Monday morning's headlines to himself."

With John F. Kennedy 60 years later, it became *plus la même chose*. Roosevelt had befriended Riis and Steffens; in Washington, Kennedy befriended Benjamin Bradlee, Charles Bartlett (who introduced him to Jackie), and Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*. He was so close to Joseph Alsop that he showed up on Alsop's doorstep after the final Inaugural Ball, and during the Missile Crisis in 1962 he asked Alsop's wife to host a dinner so that he could talk at length to a ranking Soviet expert without arousing suspicion. Like TR, he understood how journalists thought; according to David Halberstam, he could tell when editors went on vacation, because their publications had a different feel. He had briefly been a journalist himself near the end of World War II, after his discharge from the Navy, and he planned, when he left the White House, to publish a newspaper. His kin claim Obama is JFK's heir, but he isn't at all the same thing.

The appeal of Barack Obama is similar to that of TR and JFK, yet different: He seems less a person and more an idea. He is a few years older than the others were when they took office, but he has a rather more boyish air. He is exotic, but not very glamorous. He has money now, but he isn't from privilege. TR and JFK were embedded in their families; Obama seems like an orphan or waif. His wife is stunning (and, fashion-wise, seems to be channeling Jackie), and his children are sweet, but there has been little effort

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so far to market them. No one aspires to a domestic life like Obama's, as they did with Teddy Roosevelt or John Kennedy, or even with Robert F. Kennedy, whose revels at Hickory Hill were a legend. (On the other hand, neither TR nor any of the Kennedys was ever imagined as the Messiah, portrayed in posters as bathed in a halo-like light.)

To the press of their day, and to most of the public, TR and JFK had the appeal of an intense personality and an opulent lifestyle; to the press of today, and to a much smaller slice of the public, Obama has the appeal of a superior mind and character. To them, he is everything they see in themselves and look for in others: ultra-cool, ultra-refined, extremely articulate, wholly non-violent, and transnational in his instincts and biography. He has lived in Hawaii and Indonesia, but not in "middle America." He knows the slums and the faculty clubs, but not the nation's small towns. He knows nothing of business or the military and seems to hold both in muted disdain.

Obama was not born into the elite, but he has joined it by training and by inclination, and in this sense his journey mirrors that of the press, which began as a trade that drew people from all parts of the culture but has become an exclusive profession, staffed largely by upper-middle-class people who feel a strong sense of mission and an equally great self-regard. Now it shows all the signs of an institution in an advanced stage of decadence: It has built a multimillion-dollar shrine to itself in Washington, along with numerous schools and institutions study its "excellence" (which seems to decline as these studies proliferate), and it convenes endless panels to extol its importance and mission, even as scandals plague its most prominent newsrooms and its ratings and circulation figures decline.

As a result, the press becomes more and more like the academic community, Obama's electoral base, which is similarly out of touch with the larger American public. His support in the press approaches that in the college towns, where he rolled up impressive majorities. Bill Clinton came from Hope, as did Mike Huckabee, but to the press Obama has become Hope personified. Journalists are Obama's disciples; he is their prophet, the mirror in which they see themselves. And journalists spend a lot of time looking in the mirror.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

As the press changed, it altered its view of the country: from tough love combined with celebration to a relentless, unending critique. Its practitioners' main theme was that people unlike them (their readers, for example) were dumb, biased, afraid, reason-deficient, and easily manipulated (by Republican agents) to act on their resentments and fears. In 1984, after Reagan won 49 states, James Reston, dean of the press corps, mourned journalists' failure to enlighten the masses: "Among the losers in this presidential election campaign you will have to include the nosy scribblers of the press," he lamented that dire November morning. "Not since the days of H. L. Mencken have so many reporters written so much or so well about the shortcomings of the President and influenced so few voters. . . . Most Washington reporters were on to his evasive tactics, easy cheerfulness, and unsteady grasp of the facts. They did not hesitate to point out his deficits, personal and fiscal, condemn his windy theorizing, and mock his zigzag contortions, but Mr. Reagan had the photographers and television cameramen for allies and proved that one picture on the nightly news can be worth a million votes."

Today's press is still using this all-purpose critique to account for, and tarnish, Republican victories: "The Republican Party has been successfully scaring voters since 1968, when Richard Nixon built a Silent Majority out of lower- and-middle class folks frightened or disturbed by hippies and student radicals and blacks rioting in the inner cities," *Newsweek* explained recently, warning that "it is a sure bet that the GOP will try to paint Obama as 'the other'—as a haughty black intellectual who has Muslim roots." This same kind of explanation was dragged out to explain why Reagan beat Jimmy Carter and Walter F. Mondale, why George H. W. Bush beat Michael Dukakis, and why George W. Bush beat Al Gore and John Kerry, in the latter case with the help of nearly 300 of Kerry's Vietnam War comrades, who thought their old friend was a fraud. The press hated the 1988 campaign, with its furlough and Pledge of Allegiance issues, and loathed the testosterone fest that was the Republicans' 2004 convention, in particular the speech by Zell Miller, which stunned and appalled most of the media but made little impression on voters.

So when Obama appeared—cool, suave, urbane, and much hipper than they were—they had found their revenge and their voice. They were thrilled when he said that wearing a flag pin was a meaningless gesture and proposed a new kind of patriotism that did not include cheering. They nodded in approval when, listing laudable ways of serving one's country, he included the Peace Corps, teaching, and community service, but left out the armed forces. When the Rev. Jeremiah Wright, his pastor for 20 years, was criticized for delivering tirades against whites and American culture, they defended Obama, not least because many of them agreed with the preacher; some blamed the critics of Wright's racism for being racists themselves. And when Obama told a well-heeled crowd at a billionaire's home in San Francisco that small-town Pennsylvanians "cling" to religion and guns from misplaced desperation, they were not at all bothered, as that was what they had believed all the time.

Following the uproar in Pennsylvania and elsewhere when this gaffe became known, the *Washington Post* reported that the candidate's friends "described Obama as frustrated . . . but also stunned at the uproar over what to him seemed a fundamental fact of American life." And of course it did, as he reads it all the time in the papers, and hears it from everyone he knows. Again in the *Post*, columnist Michael Gerson found a family resemblance between Obama's fundraiser statement and his reaction to the Reverend Wright embarrassment. "In his Philadelphia speech," Gerson writes, "Obama talked of the 'anger and the bitterness' of Wright's oppressed generation," which the candidate compared to a similar sense of malaise among whites. "America, in this view, is beset by anxiety and fear and resentment . . . which can be overcome by Obama's broad understanding. . . . Obamism seems to consist of the belief that the candidate transcends the understandable but confused anger of black and white Americans. . . . Obamism requires an unfavorable comparison of the American people to Obama himself." And, of course, to the press, which has held this view since the late 1960s, or at least since the country began electing conservative presidents. The press and Obama, side by side, looking down on the country: together, and happy at last. **NR**

ECONOMICS

Greenspan Revisionism Revised

Assessing the former Fed chief

RAMESH PONNURU

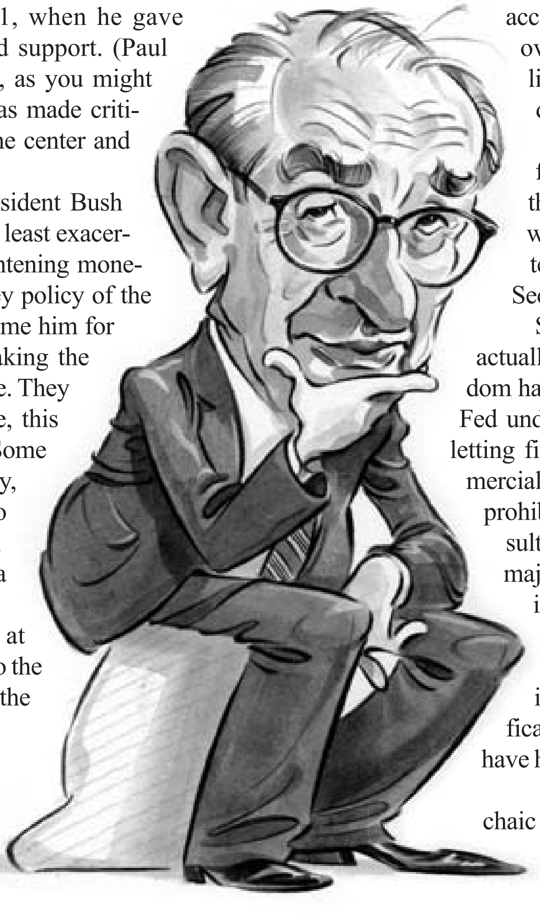
ONCE people called him "the maestro." John McCain said that he was such a good Fed chairman that he should stay in his position even after his death. People held him responsible for the boom of the 1990s. The cult of Alan Greenspan was sufficiently developed that when *New Republic* reporter Stephen Glass made up a story about brokers who literally worshipped him, the editors let it through. When Greenspan stepped down, two Princeton economists called him "the greatest central banker who ever lived."

If I were Greenspan, I'd miss those days. His reputation has been tumbling down along with housing prices. The Left started to turn on Greenspan in 2001, when he gave President Bush's tax cuts his qualified support. (Paul Krugman has been very tough on him, as you might expect.) The recent financial turmoil has made criticism of Greenspan a phenomenon of the center and Right as well.

The critics blame him—the first President Bush certainly blamed him—for causing or at least exacerbating the recession of 1990–91 by tightening monetary policy. They blame his loose-money policy of the late 1990s for the tech bubble. They blame him for then tightening too much, too late, making the recession at the start of this decade worse. They blame him for inflating another bubble, this one in the housing market, thereafter. Some of Greenspan's critics fault him, finally, for regulating too lightly. (In addition to conducting monetary policy, the Federal Reserve plays an important role as a financial regulator.)

Skepticism toward Greenspan may at one point have been a useful corrective to the deification of him. It has now reached the point where it needs correction itself.

A qualified defense of Greenspan should start with the concession that his political interventions have not shown him in the best light. For one thing, it is not at all clear that a Federal Reserve chairman should be instructing Congress and the public on tax policy. The institution occupies a peculiar position in our democracy. It is unelected, yet is also the most powerful driver of our national economic policy; and it has vast discretion over how it sets that policy. To expand the Fed's power by giving it an informal say over additional areas of economic policy does not seem wise.



DARREN GYGI

Because he was part of Ayn Rand's circle in his youth—yes, Greenspan was once young—people were surprised when he endorsed Bill Clinton's tax increase in 1993. Reportedly, he even helped persuade Clinton to propose it, promising to ease monetary policy if the president would shrink the deficit. His theory was that a smaller deficit would bring interest rates down. Greenspan lost his bet: Interest rates did not decline when the tax increase passed.

Eight years later, Greenspan was nearly as obliging to President Bush as he had been to Clinton. Greenspan argued that tax cuts were necessary to keep the budget surplus from reaching dangerous levels. If the national debt were eliminated, the government would have to invest additional surpluses, reducing the efficiency of financial markets and increasing their politicization. Whatever the merits of Bush's tax cuts, Greenspan's fear of large surpluses looks less than prescient.

Greenspan is often lauded for another policy foray that happened before he came to the Fed. In 1983, he was the chairman of a bipartisan commission to solve Social Security's funding crisis. It did—temporarily, and largely by raising payroll taxes. But that approach made it more difficult to find an enduring solution in the future. It created a "trust fund" to keep Social Security's money separate from other federal revenues. This accounting maneuver has distorted the debate over the program ever since. Every time a liberal says that the program will be fine for decades, what he means is that the "trust fund" will have IOUs from the rest of the federal government for a long time, not that the federal government will have any way to make good on those IOUs. An unintended consequence of Greenspan's Social Security fix was to make reform less likely.

So Greenspan's record on fiscal policy is actually rather worse than the conventional wisdom has it. His regulatory record is stronger. The Fed under Greenspan took the first steps toward letting financial institutions engage in both commercial and investment banking, which had been prohibited since the New Deal. The initial results were encouraging, and Greenspan was a major advocate of finishing the job by repealing legislative restrictions on such "universal banking." Lately, left-wingers have been criticizing this deregulation and pining for the rules of the 1930s. But diversification within the financial industry seems to have helped it ride out the storms of the last year.

Greenspan also took a lead in ending archaic restrictions on interstate banking. Charles Calomiris, a professor at Columbia Business School, has observed that the

Greenspan Fed's advocacy of deregulation followed a simple model: When the Fed could push deregulation without risking a political backlash, alienating the large banks, or reducing its own power, it did. Before getting too moralistic about the Fed's biases, it is important to recall its precarious political position. Any chairman of the Fed is going to want to maintain enough political support to keep legislators from interfering with monetary policy, and much of that support is going to come from the big banks.

INFLATION ON A LEASH

Greenspan's main job at the Fed was, of course, to set monetary policy. And here the criticisms of him, however valid and important many of them may be, should not obscure the big picture: that his time as chairman was marked by low inflation, low unemployment, and robust economic expansion.

If that assessment needs to be modified within the next few years, it will be because in his last years as chairman Greenspan changed the Fed's outlook in a way that stored up future trouble. Lawrence Kudlow, the supply-side economist and National Review contributing editor, says, "I have come to believe that there were two Alan Greenspans."

To reach a verdict on how well Greenspan did as Fed chairman overall, you have to ask yourself the question: Compared with whom?

The goal of the early Chairman Greenspan was price stability or, in practice, an inflation rate near zero. In determining whether inflation was on the horizon, he paid a lot of attention to commodity prices set by markets. The theory was that keeping inflation low is, in the long run, the Fed's best way to minimize recessions. The Fed had let inflation get out of control from the mid-1960s through the late 1970s. To wring inflation out of the system, Greenspan's predecessor, Paul Volcker, had had to raise interest rates so high that the country went through the most severe recession since the Great Depression. Nobody wanted to repeat that ride.

By the end of Greenspan's reign, the Fed had adopted a very different model. It saw its task as managing risks: the risk of a recession vs. the risk of rising inflation. This model carried a risk of its own: that the Fed would slowly revert to its pre-Volcker practice of trying to "fine-tune" the economy. In attempting to manage the short-term trade-off between inflation and unemployment, the Fed would let inflation creep up and then have to take drastic action to stop it.

Stanford University economist John Taylor is the most prominent exponent of the view that the expansive monetary policy of Greenspan's last years at the Fed inflated the housing market. Greenspan has said that while he rarely disagrees with Taylor, he does on this point; but his explanation often seems like an excuse.

He says that it was not clear that the economy was growing strongly in 2003, implying that he held off from tightening monetary policy then for fear of tipping the economy back into recession. But a decision can be reasonable at the time without being right in retrospect. Moreover, one of the reasons for using market prices in setting Fed policy is that it takes time for that policy to affect the economy. Market prices factor in traders' expectations about the future. If the Fed lets the last quarter's growth statistics guide its decisions too much, it ends up steering by looking at the rearview mirror.

In April of this year, Volcker said that we were in a "dollar crisis." It was a harsh denunciation of the Fed's easy-money policy. Kudlow considers it a telling one: "It was Volcker, not Greenspan, who made the *cri de coeur*." Volcker's style is more blunt than Greenspan's. But it may also be that Greenspan is conscious of a continuity between his policies and those of his successor, Ben Bernanke.

It would be a pity, however, if the lesson of the Fed's role in the housing bubble were learned too well. It is one thing to say that the Fed should avoid contributing to bubbles. But we have recent experience of a Fed that tried to deflate a bubble—and the experience was not a happy one. Greenspan never quite said so, but many observers believe that the Fed ignored signs of an impending recession at the turn of the century because it was concerned that asset prices had risen to inflationary heights. In trying to pop the bubble, Greenspan popped the boom.

FINAL JUDGMENT

To reach a verdict on how well Greenspan did as Fed chairman overall, you have to ask yourself the question: Compared with whom? The chairmen of the 1960s and 1970s were disastrously inflationary. Greenspan has been at least the second-best chairman since that era. But Volcker, Greenspan, and Bernanke have been the only three chairmen in this period.

It is often noted that it was Volcker who really ended the great inflation. Allan Meltzer, an economist at Carnegie Mellon University, points out that Greenspan played an important role in the taming of inflation as well. Greenspan brought inflation rates even lower than Volcker had, down to nearly zero, even though there was no strong political demand for him to do so.

The restoration of price stability lowered long-term interest rates, reduced effective capital-gains tax rates, made it easier for businesses to plan, raised stock prices, and had a host of other salutary effects. Even if Greenspan was responsible for two recessions on his watch, those recessions were far milder and shorter than previous ones.

Kevin Hassett, an economist at the American Enterprise Institute, thinks that assessments of Greenspan are going through their own boom-and-bust cycle. "He got too much credit for the economy of the 1990s, and now he will get too much blame for the real-estate bubble. From the perspective of history that will probably end up putting his reputation where it belongs. . . . He was a really able guy, he just wasn't Superman." **NR**

the bent pin

FLORENCE KING

Shock, Shock, Over

Oh, to hell with politics. Let's talk about something else.

Increasingly I am finding that the only way to avoid becoming a cultural moron is to ignore the picture part of the TV screen and read the crawl. Do it regularly and you can honestly state that you are watching TV less and reading more, because the crawl is where they dump news of interest to America's literate minority.

This is how I learned that May 27, 2008, was the 93rd birthday of novelist Herman Wouk. His fame rests on *The Caine Mutiny*; TV fans also recognize his name from the WWII blockbusters *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance*, which most read after watching the series. My favorite Wouk novel has nothing to do with the Navy or the war, which may be why it often goes unmentioned in lists of his works. It's not about a boy and his ship, it's about a girl and her virginity, and it came out shortly after my 19th birthday in 1955.

Set in Manhattan in the 1930s, *Marjorie Morningstar* is about a nice Jewish college girl named Marjorie Morgenstern who wants to be an actress. Translating her name so that it will blaze more Waspily from the Broadway marquees she intends to grace, she flails against her family's conservative Judaism and strict kosher observances to reach what she thinks are the sophisticated shores of modern American secularism, only to be continually thwarted by her ever-vigilant mother, who could teach Clarence Darrow a thing or two about the art of cross-examination.

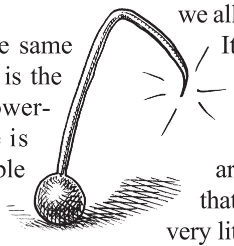
It's a battle that part of Marjorie doesn't really want to win because she is more psychologically secure than she knows, but she succumbs to the zeitgeist of faddish Freudianism, Greenwich Village bohemianism, brittle pseudo-intellectual chatter, and the scurvy underside of the theater district, until, one by one, her defenses break down—first smoking, then drinking, then eating pork and shellfish, and finally losing her virginity before marriage.

It's the only sex scene in a 757-page book about sex and it's only seven sentences long:

> Then all changed. It became rough and strange. She was powerless to stop it. She tried to seem pleasant and loving, but she was very uncomfortable and unhappy. It became rougher and more awkward. It became horrible. There were shocks, ugly uncoverings, pain, incredible humiliation, shock, shock, and it was over.

This still stands as the valedictory for the cautionary tale. I doubt if you could even get it into a novel now without having a huge fight with your editor, and if you had one of the horde of feminist editors running the show today, she'd probably win and force you to withdraw the manuscript and pay back the advance.

More subtle but sending the same message about premarital sex is the passage that follows the deflowering. In this scene, Marjorie is reaching over to the bedside table for a cigarette when she hears a shattering sound and turns on the lamp . . .



> Blinking in the blaze of light, holding the blanket to her bosom, she saw that she had knocked over a drinking glass. The pieces lay glittering on the marble top of the table. "Well, that's fine," she said. "We're supposed to break a glass, aren't we? Only you should have done it with your heel, I guess. Good luck, darling."

She is referring to the custom of the bridegroom's stomping on a glass in the Jewish wedding ceremony, but her unconscious gesture of "holding the blanket to her bosom" reveals her state of mind even more powerfully. Here Wouk gives us a perfect example of the literary convention known as "indirection"—saying what you mean by saying something else and just letting it sink in. She has just had sex with the man, he has already seen her nude, yet she is still modest with him? At first it smacks of hypocrisy or silliness, but then we understand that she is instinctively trying to undo what has happened with a time-honored maidenly pose.

Marjorie may be one of the last "universal characters," certainly for my generation. The prototype of the universal character, whom Marjorie strongly resembles, is Natasha in *War and Peace*, the sweet girl on the brink of womanhood who is adored by all regardless of race, color, creed, national origin, or any of the other requirements of the dreary exercise we call "reader identification." Hooked on political correctness and incapable of doing without our daily diversity fix, we regard the universal character as an offshoot of the melting pot and conclude that the reactionaries are up to their old tricks.

Marjorie Morningstar was published at a time that had little use for diversity but that didn't bother my Wasp sorority sisters and me at all. Somebody purloined her mother's book-club copy and we all read it and identified like mad. It didn't matter that Marjorie's parents were foreign-born and ours said things like "We've always been from around here." What mattered was that sexual standards had changed very little from the '30s to the '50s so we were all in Marjorie's boat.

We identified so much that we even made the connection between loosening sexual standards and loosening kosher standards. One day in the sorority suite I heard one of my sisters moan, "They just sent out for Chinese and she ate pork! Oh, my God!" And as for the most famous scene, we went around all that year saying, "Shock, shock, and it was over" about everything from midterm exams to meals in the school cafeteria.

I wish we gave our greatest writers a title like "Maître" or "Maestro" so we could address them with the proper respect, but we don't, so all I can say is "Happy Birthday, dear Mr. Wouk, and thank you for Marjorie." **NR**

Florence King can be reached at P.O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, VA 22404.

the long view

ROB LONG

FROM: Pellicano & Associates, Investigations
TO: C. Matthews

IN RE: Surveillance transcript, current matter

From conference-call intercept, June 22, 2008. Four persons on the call: J. Immelt, General Electric chairman; Steve Capus, NBC News president; Jeff Zucker, NBC/Universal president and CEO; and Ben Silverman, NBC Television co-chairman of entertainment.

STEVE CAPUS: . . . [*unintelligible*] . . . the real problem is, you know, what we do after Brokaw. Who do we have that could even come close to filling Tim Russert's shoes?

J. IMMELT: Tom won't stay after the election?

STEVE CAPUS: I dunno. Maybe until inauguration? Hard to say. Tom's, you know, Tom's tired. And Michelle Obama's got those two L's . . .

J. IMMELT: The L's are still a problem?

STEVE CAPUS: Still a big problem.

BEN SILVERMAN: Do we need to replace Tim, though? Have we thought about motion capture? You know, we take the image and likeness of Tim and we digitize it in a really cool way and green-screen him into the set, get a robot to ask the questions? Like *Knight Rider*? It could be really cool.

STEVE CAPUS: Who is this?

BEN SILVERMAN: I'm Ben Silverman. I'm co-chairman of NBC Entertainment.

STEVE CAPUS: What are you doing on this call?

BEN SILVERMAN: I dunno. Just chillaxin', I guess.

STEVE CAPUS: No. I mean, why are you—

[*Tone announcing another caller*]

JEFF ZUCKER: Hey! It's Jeff! Sorry I'm late. I was just thanking Keith Olbermann for the cupcakes.

STEVE CAPUS: He sent you cupcakes?

JEFF ZUCKER: Yeah. And yesterday, Matthews sent me flowers and a poem.

J. IMMELT: What are we going to do about those guys?

JEFF ZUCKER: Well, honestly, I don't think we need to worry about Matthews. My guess is, this whole Russert-replacement thing is going to be so stressful on him, and he's going to want it so bad and fight so hard for it, that he's going to burst a major blood vessel. So him I'm not worried about.

J. IMMELT: What about Olbermann?

JEFF ZUCKER: Well, when he finds out we're not giving it to him, he'll probably come at me physically. He may try to hurt my kids.

J. IMMELT: Really?

JEFF ZUCKER: Don't worry about it. I'm prepared. The family is taking Krav Maga lessons.

STEVE CAPUS: Jeff, can I suggest something? Why don't we leak it to Matthews that we're going to offer it to Olbermann, and then let Matthews take Olbermann out—

J. IMMELT: Take him out? What?

STEVE CAPUS: Yeah. Chris has hired some hotshot investigator guy, some out-of-town muscle to help him with this.

J. IMMELT: Wow. These guys are serious.

JEFF ZUCKER: Tell me about it. This morning, Andrea Mitchell left a giant bag of dog poop on the passenger seat of my car.

J. IMMELT: God! How awful!

JEFF ZUCKER: Actually, it was a lot better than what she tried yesterday.

J. IMMELT: What was that?

JEFF ZUCKER: Appearing in my office, dropping her clothes, purring at me, "This is what you want, isn't it, Mr. Network Man?" and then sitting in my lap.

STEVE CAPUS: Dear God in heaven.

JEFF ZUCKER: Yeah. I'd rather not talk about it. I didn't handle it well.

J. IMMELT: My sense is, we'd better resolve this quickly. Is there a name out there that would satisfy everyone, that no one could criticize?

JEFF ZUCKER: Gwen Ifill.

J. IMMELT: Is there *another* name out there that would satisfy everyone, that no one could criticize?

STEVE CAPUS: I don't know, Jeff. I think Gwen might be the logical best choice.

BEN SILVERMAN: So we're all just going to ignore my animated-robot idea? Is that it?

J. IMMELT: How about David Gregory?

JEFF ZUCKER: Young, kind of unlikable.

J. IMMELT: Can we move Brian Williams down there?

STEVE CAPUS: Then who does *Nightly News*?

BEN SILVERMAN: Animated robots. I'm just saying.

J. IMMELT: The question is, which is more valuable? *Nightly News* or *Meet the Press*?

STEVE CAPUS: Hard to say. Ultimately, probably *Meet*, but that was because of Russert and his incredible skills.

JEFF ZUCKER: And also because Stephanopoulos just totally bites.

STEVE CAPUS: Right. Right. Stephanopoulos bites.

J. IMMELT: Totally bites.

BEN SILVERMAN: I'm with you guys on that one.

JEFF ZUCKER: The other possibility is, we get Brian to host it, and we go back to the old days, when *Meet* had a panel. We try some of them out—we give Gregory a shot, and Chuck Todd, hell, why not Andrea Mitchell? Rotate them all in and out, and the one that pops, eventually, we give him or her the big job.

STEVE CAPUS: What about the others, the ones who don't get the big job?

JEFF ZUCKER: We have them neutralized. Have a guy come in from out of town and take care of whoever is making trouble. That's what we're going to do with Jay Leno.

J. IMMELT: You know, the more I think about this problem, the more I'm trying to figure out a way to solve it, once and for all. I hate this being held hostage to the talent, this always trying to find a replacement, always getting caught short.

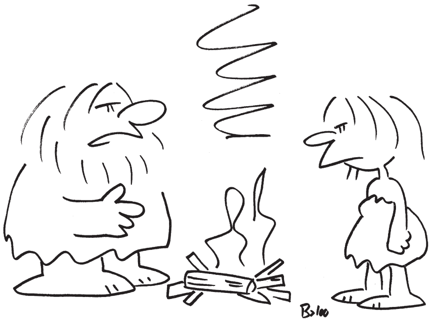
JEFF ZUCKER: I know, but what's the alternative?

J. IMMELT: Ben, tell me some more about these animated robots.

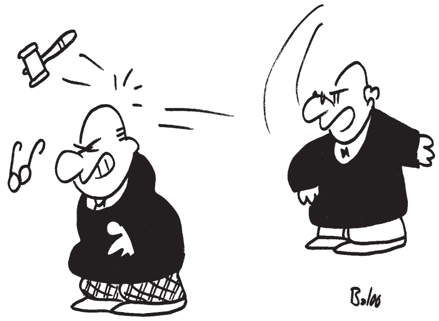
BEN SILVERMAN: Finally! Okay, it's pretty simple technology. We capture the likeness and voiceprint of whoever we're currently paying . . .

[*End of transcript*]

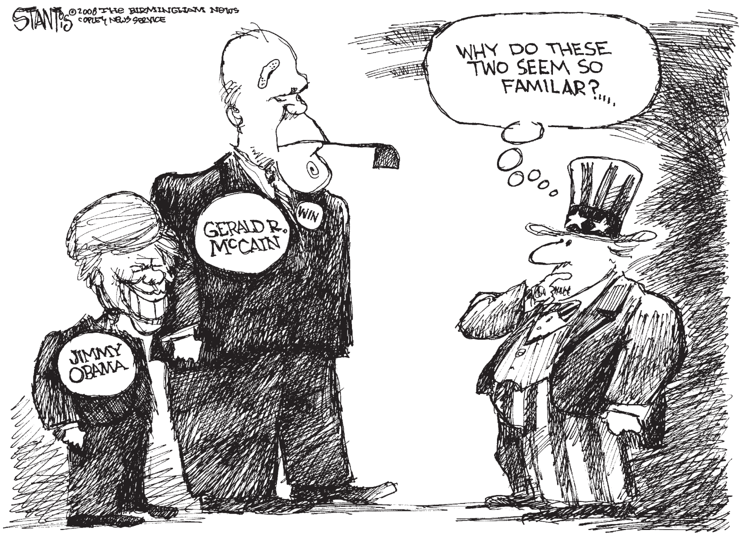
HELP!!!!



"*Of course it's renewable—you just throw more sticks on it!*"



"*Let's see you reverse this, Switherton!*"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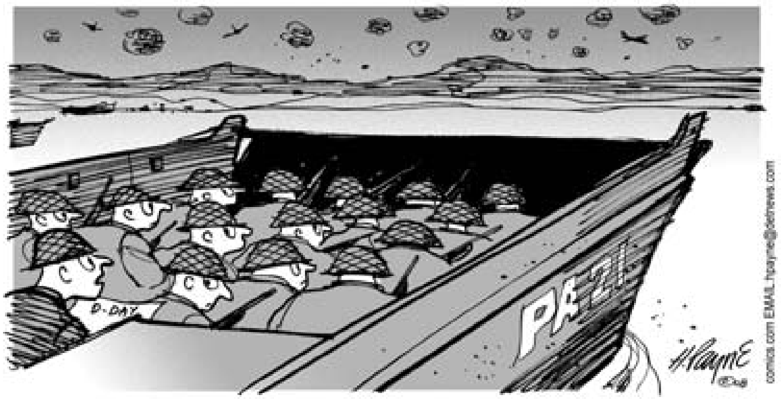
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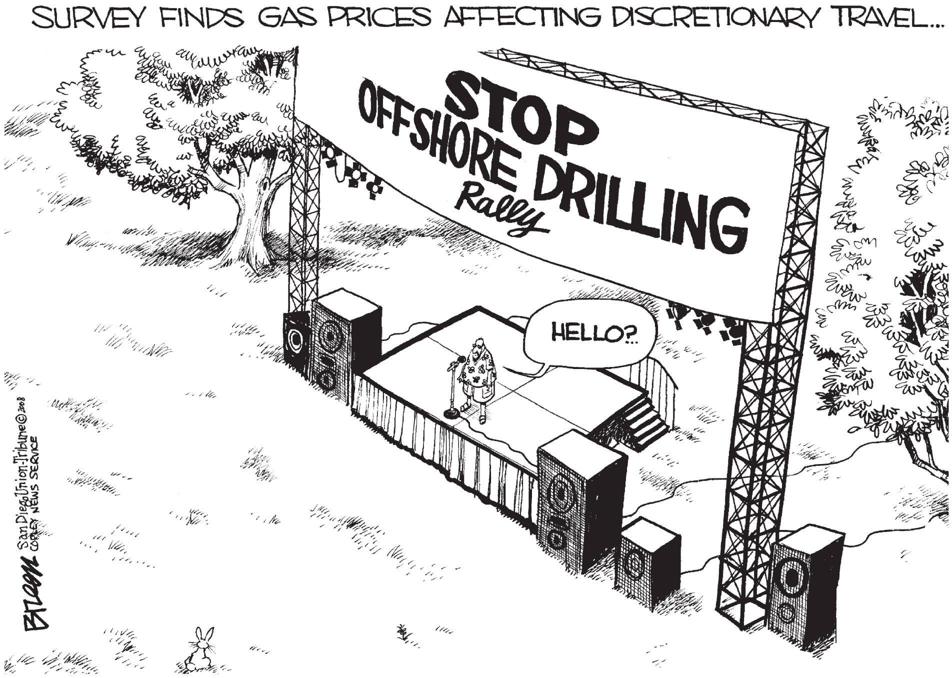
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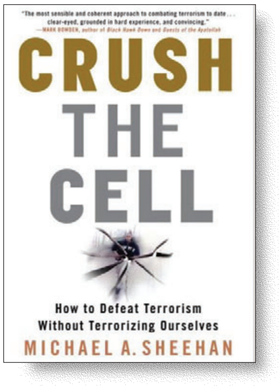
books, arts & manners

Wave of the Future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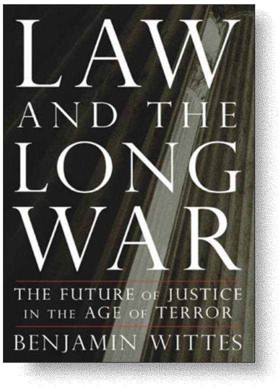

Law and the Long War: The Future of Justice in the Age of Terror, by Benjamin Wittes (Penguin, 320 pp., $25.95)

ANDREW C. McCARTHY

THE attacks on 9/11 abruptly ushered in a new era of foreign threat to the United States. The sharp pendulum swing caught the nation off-guard. Post–Cold War atrophy and a natural human resistance to shaking off the comfort of yesterday's thinking left our defenses mismatched against the "asymmetric" challenge of Islamic terror networks.

Worse, the new security reality sprang on a poisonous political landscape. In the Left's searing anger over the Clinton impeachment saga and the 2000 election, delegitimizing the new Republican president became mainstream. So, consequently, did a campaign to portray the administration's national-defense measures as Constitution-shredding (the milder critique—more rabid critics called them impeachable offenses), despite rich supporting precedents developed during prior administrations of both parties.

In the ensuing rancor, it came to be seen as something close to political suicide to admit error—and there have been many errors, as there always are in crises. The price has been seven years of stalemate. From a national-security standpoint, that has been a disaster. Radical Islam is a different kind of challenge: Though it prosecutes a campaign far more like a war than a crime wave, it does not fit neatly into either box. It does not resemble our nation-state enemies of the past, so it cannot be deterred or defeated like one. And, because it is spurred by a religious ideology, it exploits—to a degree that Communism and Nazism could not—the American aversion to examining, much less condemning, ideas and behaviors that are matters of belief. Thus, what we've desperately needed is self-examination and innovative thinking about security's demands and their encroachments on our liberties. In the paralysis, these have been sorely missed.

Finally, the winds are shifting. Perhaps it's the realization that the war will go on even though the Bush administration will not. Maybe it is dawning on Democrats that national security is not merely a useful political sledgehammer but a duty for which they may soon be accountable. Whatever the explanation, sober voices are beginning to pierce the din. Two of those voices belong to Michael A. Sheehan and Benjamin Wittes, each of whom has written a thoughtful book about our current straits. One needn't agree with their every diagnosis to be heartened by the fact that knowledgeable hands are laboring over how to provide better security—rather than debating how George W. Bush did or didn't destroy America.

In *Crush the Cell*, Sheehan couples a wealth of on-the-ground know-how with vast intelligence experience earned in the hottest of hot spots. Now a fellow at NYU's Center on Law and Security, he is a West Point grad who commanded special forces in El Salvador during the Eighties, was appointed to the National Security Council under Bush 41, and later became ambassador for counterterrorism under Clinton. He was the NYPD's deputy commissioner for counterterrorism in the post-9/11 cauldron, when the city, the world's No. 1 terrorist target, undertook to create an international intelligence capability. A serious player, he nonetheless writes with an "I'm a straight-shooter speaking truth to power" attitude that sometimes detracts from the gravity of his analyses.

Sheehan's book is ambitious. He sets out to provide a comprehensive analysis of what causes terrorism, what will be necessary to degrade its capabilities, and how to accomplish that mission given the complexities of bureaucratic infighting. The result is a mixed bag: valuable wisdom, especially at the practical level, sprinkled through a thesis that is occasionally contradictory and underdeveloped.

Sheehan insists that it is "ridiculous to equate the rise of radical Islamic terrorist groups with World War III." They do not, after all, measure up to the "caliber of our enemies in World War II," who occupied much of the world and killed millions. Of course, jihadists did manage to strike the economic and political heart of our homeland, a feat the Nazis, Japanese, and Soviets never managed; moreover, it's certain that if jihadists obtain WMDs, they will use them. Sheehan, however, is not the typical critic on this point: Islamic terrorism is not, for him, a bogeyman. The "War on Terror" rhetoric strikes him as overdone, yet he plainly sees the threat as an enduring one, calling for something close to a war-footing in response—special oper-

Mr. McCarthy is author of *Willful Blindness: A Memoir of the Jihad*, and director of the Center for Law and Counterterrorism at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies.

ations, a reversal of government's risk-aversion culture, and a premium on intelligence.

Sheehan is at his best tackling the futility of the U.S. government's post-9/11 mega-reforms. His two principal targets are the Department of Homeland Security and the Office of the Director of National Intelligence. As he trenchantly argues, DHS is bureaucracy run amok—born of an urge to cure the ills plaguing domestic intelligence but, when the dust settled, given no meaningful intelligence role. It devolved into an incoherent sprawl of satellite agencies, responsible for everything and thus doing nothing well. DHS should concentrate on port and border security, missions in which, Sheehan observes, its expertise is unchallenged and vital. The DNI, similarly, is a typical Washington "fix": purporting to solve the problem of information hoarding in the intelligence community's multiple components by . . . creating yet another bureaucracy, at enormous expense but no perceptible improvement in performance.

Crush the Cell is weaker when it comes to big-picture prescriptions. Sheehan is appropriately derisive of claims that Islamic radicalism is driven by alienation or penury rather than ideology, but he clings to the conventional wisdom that political Islam is severable from religious Islam—that we should restrict our scope to the terror operative, not the "pious" Muslim fundamentalists who share the terrorist's aims if not his methods. And, at bottom, Sheehan contends that, because terror networks like al-Qaeda are erratic, the key to security is to "crush the cell"—to home in on the three-to-four-person operational units that execute attacks.

Except, it turns out, when that's not the key: for rogue-state sponsorship, which allows cells to proliferate, must, Sheehan concedes, be eradicated. In one of the book's most interesting vignettes, he recounts personally delivering an ultimatum to the Taliban in January 2000. Alas, having taken President Clinton's measure, the Afghan regime thumbed its nose at this demand to rein in Osama bin Laden. The result of its continuing hospitality was 9/11. Sheehan, moreover, acknowledges the need to "drain the swamps"—the terror camps, nestled in such countries as Afghanistan and Pakistan, that mass-produce capable cells faster than we can crush them.

It is natural that Sheehan would fixate on small terror cells. They do the dirty work—there is no terror without them. He battled them on the ground in Central America, and they were his target in the NYPD's counterterrorism division. But the fixation undermines his otherwise engrossing description of the NYPD's determination to develop an intel operation entirely independent of the federal government. Municipalities generally don't compete with the CIA.

Given the enemy's commitment to striking the city, New York's police—the best on the planet—are to be commended for their innovative approach, as Sheehan maintains. But should, say, a hundred (or more) American cities also assign cops overseas to collect intelligence? No: That's the job of the national government constitutionally responsible for foreign relations. The NYPD initiative is not, as Sheehan suggests, a model to be replicated, but an exigent measure made necessary by the information hoarding of federal authorities that have failed to integrate state and local police—an incalculable force-multiplier—into our intelligence infrastructure.

While Sheehan's focus is intelligence, Benjamin Wittes grapples with legal complexities in *Law and the Long War*. He is well suited to the task. Currently a research director in public law at the Brookings Institution, Wittes was an insightful editorialist at the *Washington Post* and now writes an essential legal column on *The New Republic*'s website.

President Bush set out after 9/11 to shift the nation's counterterrorism paradigm toward an approach more fitting for Islamic radicalism. Mindful of terror's catastrophic costs and the cold comfort provided by bringing a measly few operatives—usually low-level—to justice, the administration moved from the 1990s strategy of post hoc criminal investigation and prosecution to a proactive plan that prioritized intelligence gathering and the prevention of attacks. Nevertheless, while the Bush gambit was programmatically bold, Wittes dispels the popular myth that it broke new and dangerous ground.

The practice of categorizing terrorists as unlawful enemy combatants bereft of prisoner-of-war privileges is as old as the laws of war. It is reflected in the Geneva

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Conventions, was sustained by the Supreme Court during World War II, and was forcefully reaffirmed 21 years ago by President Reagan, who declined to seek ratification of Geneva Protocol I precisely because it would “grant [lawful] combatant status” to “terrorists and other irregulars” who endanger civilians by flouting norms of civilized warfare.

Indefinite detention, a staple of warfighting, was prescribed by both Bush 41 and Clinton—and not for jihadists bent on killing us but for Haitian refugees seeking a better life. Both of those administrations took pains to hold the refugees at detention camps on Guantanamo Bay, because the naval base was deemed foreign soil outside the jurisdiction (and thus the oversight) of federal courts. It was the Clinton administration, moreover, that initiated “extraordinary rendition”—secret operations in which terrorists were snatched in the countries where they operated and sent to countries like Egypt where torture was likely to occur. And on U.S. interrogation practice, the Defense Department and (especially) the CIA have a long history, post-Geneva, of employing forcible tactics short of overt torture against even *lawful* combatants (by contrast, controversial Bush-administration tactics have been used only against *unlawful* combatants).

Indefinite detention was prescribed by both Bush 41 and Clinton. It was the Clinton administration, moreover, that initiated ‘extraordinary rendition.’

Primarily, Wittes argues, Bush’s problem has not been insufficient support from pre-9/11 law but bull-headed, occasionally incompetent implementation and a failure of vision. Rather than a drive to reinvigorate executive powers diluted since Watergate, the present threat called for “a deeper enterprise . . . a law-building project for something that had gone beyond war altogether—an effort to assemble disparate puzzle pieces that the Law of September 10 had scattered about the table and assemble them into some kind of coherent law of terrorism, a body of law that could sustain the powers of presidential preemption before the courts and the public.”

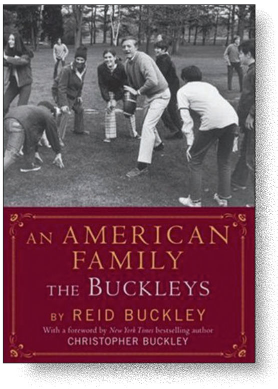
Such an effort would necessitate working in tandem with Congress; the administration would have to make concessions. But a comprehensive regime for detaining enemy combatants and conducting trials outside the criminal justice system for those who’d committed war crimes would be on firm footing with a legislative imprimatur. It would be upheld by, rather than under assault from, the judiciary.

On that score, Wittes provides an especially valuable study of the Gitmo detainees, scouring the available record to deconstruct the regnant narrative that depicts them as innocent dupes, ensnared in an overzealous military campaign and then squirreled away in a “legal black hole” so that the government can avoid official admissions of error. In fact, many of the combatants are brazen in their bellicosity toward the U.S., and legal proceedings—short of full-blown civilian trials but conducted with adequate protections to ensure integrity—would doubtless make that clear, garnering public support.

Like Sheehan, Wittes can be over-optimistic about the prospects for cooperation between the political branches. It’s true that the administration got most of what it wanted when it finally worked with Congress to pass the 2005 Detainee Treatment Act and the 2006 Military Commissions Act. But the same Supreme Court that pressured the political branches into that compromise has just invalidated it. Nor can we forget the long standoff over renewal of the Patriot Act, despite the overwhelming margins by which it was first enacted. And important legislation covering foreign-intelligence collection is now being blocked by House Democrats, at least partly at the behest of their trial-lawyer constituency (which is seeking hefty paydays from lawsuits alleging surveillance violations).

Still, in the greater scheme of things, that’s a quibble. Wittes, like Sheehan, offers a roadmap that is forward-looking and refreshingly free of political blame-fixing. If government is to protect American lives and prevail over our enemies, this must be the wave of the future. **NR**

The Buckley Mystique



An American Family: The Buckleys, by Reid Buckley (Threshold Editions, 459 pp., $28)

LINDA BRIDGES

In his remarks at his father’s memorial service in April, Christopher Buckley told of an incident that took place last fall. The library in Sharon, Conn., needed to raise money, and WFB’s sister Priscilla had agreed to host an event at the family home, Great Elm. “A Bevy of Buckleys,” it was called, and it brought together a half-dozen book-writing Buckleys to read from their works. Christopher was amused to see an item in the local paper that began, “The Buckleys are a well-known American family, William F. Buckley being arguably the best known.”

Yes, WFB is arguably the best known, and with good reason, given his literary output, his ubiquity as a public figure over roughly five decades, and most important—certainly in his own eyes—his role as the founder of NATIONAL REVIEW. But as his younger brother, Reid, compellingly demonstrates in *An American Family*, without *another* WFB, the formidable William F. Buckley Sr., and his remarkable wife, Aloïse Steiner Buckley, our WFB would never have done the things he did. In the biological sense, that’s too obvious to be worth stating. But Reid is making a larger cultural point. His—their—parents came out of particular milieus, which, blended together, formed the unique circumstances in which the younger Buckleys were raised, and which would be difficult if not impossible to replicate today—to the detriment of the next generation and of our society. Reid Buckley, polemicist, makes this point explicitly here as he has often done in his cultural criticism; in this new book, Reid Buckley, novelist, also expresses it through the narratives—hilarious, depressing, spine-tingling, idyllic—of his family's adventures.

William Frank Buckley (WFB Sr.) was born in Texas in 1881 to John and Mary Ann (Langford) Buckley, both born in Canada of Irish immigrant parents. John and Mary Ann had trekked to the dry mesquite country of South Texas because of John's asthma. If Will Buckley and his offspring were later thought of as contrarian, what can we say of John, a county sheriff who never fired a shot from his Colt .45 and a resolute sheep farmer in a country of cattlemen? The Buckleys were poor, especially after John's early death (age 54) of a stroke. But through hard work of his own and with the help of his older sister, Priscilla, Will graduated from the University of Texas at Austin, went to Mexico City to make his fortune as a lawyer, discovered that, for him, “the practice of law is the most trying thing in the world,” and got in on the early days of the Mexican oil boom.

Aloïse Josephine Steiner was born in 1895, the eldest daughter of Aloysius and Marie Louise (Wassem) Steiner of New Orleans. Aloysius, secretary-treasurer of a manufacturing firm, was of Swiss descent, Marie Louise of Swiss and German; Marie Louise's father fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War. Aloïse was, like her two younger sisters, bright and vivacious and much sought after; the story told here (for the first time publicly, so far as I know) is that she had fallen in love with a divorced man—out of the question for a devout Catholic of that time—and had lapsed into a depression: hence her spinsterhood at the age of 21, with a younger sister already married.

Then one day a tall, spare stranger with a Texan accent presented himself on the Steiner doorstep, armed with an introduction from that younger sister, Vivian, who had been visiting relatives in Mexico and had urged him to become acquainted with her sister Aloïse. The rest is history.

Will took his bride to Tampico in those wild revolutionary days, and Reid tells wonderful stories of Will's standing up to Pancho Villa, facing down Tampico's corrupt police chief, and sticking up for the Mexican peasants, whom the big oil interests were trying to cheat. Finally, Will Buckley was expelled from Mexico as a pernicious foreigner, losing his first fortune and having to start all over again. You might say he backed the wrong revolutionary. You might say that: except that Will had chosen his man not on a calculation that he was the likeliest winner, but because he was a Catholic amid a welter of Church-haters. Will lost, but he hadn't chosen wrong.

For the next decade and a half (what Reid calls “the desperate years”), Will fought to keep his company, Pantepec, afloat, and Aloïse fought by his side, while raising their growing brood of children (ten who survived childhood, plus Mary Ann, Reid's next-older sibling, who lived less than a week). At this point many readers will find the story becoming familiar, from the writings of Bill and Priscilla and their sister Aloïse. But Reid has some unusual perspectives, not least his statement that for their mother, Great Elm in beautiful Sharon, which all the children loved, was a “prison”—because her southern soul was always alien among New Englanders. Reid also breaks the family taboo (described by their sister Carol in her book, *At the Still Point*) against talking about things like their brother John's alcoholism; but Reid does it in the course of such a loving and vivid account of his brother's life that the affliction is seen as just that, an affliction, not a definition of character.

This book is a great rumbustious grab bag of history, anecdotes, and pinpoint descriptions of people and their attire, landscapes, dogs, horses, houses, guns, and railroad cars. And Reid is disarmingly ready to give his siblings their say. A gripping story of how Will Buckley saved a contingent of American Marines from Mexican snipers is interrupted by a footnote: “My sister Priscilla tells a different version of this anecdote.” Still, after comparing notes with his sister Patricia about a near-fatal encounter with a hurricane crossing the Atlantic on the *Paris* in 1939, he concludes: “She was three years older, eleven, and presumably has a clearer memory than mine, but I saw what I saw.”

Even in the most lyrical or suspenseful passages, humor (or combativeness) comes breaking through—with one notable exception. When Reid tells of accompanying their parish priest, Father Burke, through Holy Week and Easter, he appears to enter into that holy man's journey as thoroughly as he did as a teenaged acolyte 60 years ago. He takes us into the deepest darkness of the Passion and out again, reborn with Christ, into the bursting joy of the Resurrection.

This book is a family chronicle, but at its center it is an effort to understand the essence of the senior Buckleys' legacy, the convergence of their Catholicism and their Americanism in the crucible of their unique personalities:

> This liberating and joyous Catholic faith our parents were blessed with by divine grace and their happy inheritance; they were invested with hope, which is trust

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> in Christ's promises. Faith and hope combine in producing charity, whose definition is perfect love. What joy they were possessed of! . . . In addition, Mother and Father were drenched in the ebullient optimism of their native land, to whose people nothing was impossible here as well as in the hereafter, no dream too fantastical to admit being achieved. . . . The historical optimism and confidence of our parents' times on the profane level joined with the spiritual optimism and confidence that came to them from antiquity through their Catholicism.

In his conclusion, Reid is politically gloomy, personally exuberant—and doesn't that sum up much of what we might call Buckley conservatism, NATIONAL REVIEW conservatism? "On the domestic front," he writes, "our tide crested 1980–1984 with the first Reagan administration . . . since when just about everything we have espoused as a family has been defeated in the political arena." The American people have chosen "a comprehensive welfare state at the cost of the philosophy of the founding," and our popular culture is "the lowest common denominator of vicarious vice." Reid sees this not as the swing of a pendulum, which will someday swing back, but as a permanent collapse. "The apocalyptical character of my pessimism is rejected by most of my siblings," he admits—"though I think out of a patriotic nostalgia obscuring reason. We do not like to entertain the possibility that this beloved land has become unlovable, its people vile and servile, its governing institutions corrupt, its Congress cowardly, and its vision materialistic, solipsistic, and on almost all counts contemptible.

"So that's that," he continues without a break. "On the personal front, however, the heritage we received of our parents has been priceless and permanent. We have led happy, exciting, and productive lives. We loved and did our best to honor our parents. We love one another. Our children are a joy to us. And for the rest, we trust in Christ and Christ's promises. How lucky we have been!"

To which all who know the Buckleys, in the flesh or through their public presence, can only say, Amen! **NR**

Chesterton's Marvelous Year

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

It is just a hundred years ago that one of the noblest and wittiest thinkers ever to write in our language, G. K. Chesterton, burst upon the scene with two masterworks. He is impossible to categorize in our specialized subject-area pigeonholes: He wrote vast amounts across a wide horizon, and must ultimately be categorized simply as a writer. In 1908 Chesterton published, among other things, two of the great works of modern literature, his novel *The Man Who Was Thursday* and his apologetic credo *Orthodoxy*. His essays and incidental journalism were also represented in a collection that same year, titled *All Things Considered*. Those who were already familiar with Chesterton knew him through his regular columns in the *London Daily News* and *The Illustrated London News*; in 1909 Mohandas Gandhi read one of his *Illustrated London News* columns, was deeply affected by it, translated it into Gujarati, and wrote a book based on it, *Hind Swaraj*, that gave a decisive shape to subsequent Indian national self-determination.

But although Chesterton had already made a literary mark before 1908—in his journalism, a novel, stories, apologetics, and now-classic studies of Robert Browning and Charles Dickens ("the most enlightening portrait of Dickens that I have ever read," wrote V. S. Pritchett)—1908 was his *annus mirabilis*. The wise and witty *Orthodoxy* proved to be not only a classic nonsectarian defense of the Christian religion, and a forerunner to his admirer C. S. Lewis's *Mere Christianity*, but also a work for which large philosophical and scientific claims have subsequently been made by highly informed writers, including the physicist-philosopher Stanley L. Jaki and Martin Gardner—a longtime contributor to *Scientific American* and himself one of America's "great intellects," according to Douglas Hofstadter—who reprinted a large selection of *Orthodoxy* in his *Great Essays in Science* in 1957 and has since then been one of Chesterton's chief proponents.

Martin Gardner went on to publish an *Annotated Man Who Was Thursday*, but this should not be allowed to give the impression that this novel is long, dense, involuted, and in need of a commentary. On the contrary, it is brief, fast-paced, and exuberant. Kingsley Amis called it "the most thrilling book that I have ever read," and went on to say that he found it "as stunning on a fiftieth reading as on a first." Anthony Burgess claimed that Chesterton was among the very few 20th-century writers who were able "to teach and please at the same time," the traditional vocation of the greatest of writers.

The Man Who Was Thursday might at first be mistaken for a *jeu d'esprit*, a lighthearted lark; and much of its charm does reside in its velocity and cleverness and fantasy. Yet its deeper aims concern the epistemological, ethical, and religious skepticism that issued from the writings of Darwin and Nietzsche and that are with us still in deepened and even more toxic forms, forms that in fact dominate the academy and commercial entertainment culture today. The book takes the form of a fantasy, in the words of the subtitle "a nightmare"; its nightmare looks prescient but mild in comparison with the events of European and world history since 1908. Its assumption is that the Christian, democratic, liberal, and revolutionary hopes of the 1776–1871 period, which overlapped but intermittently battled and battered each other nearly to death, were all idealistic and in some degree noble, but were succeeded by Social Darwinist, Nietzschean, "progressive," statist, and relativist ideas that were lethal, in the short and long run, to human flourishing and even to human sanity.

Chesterton was a "liberal" in the sense of believing in human liberty in a moral cosmos—as opposed to the context of a subhuman, chaotic, or deterministic interplay of "chance and necessity." The novel turns

Mr. Aeschliman is professor of education at Boston University, professor of English at the University of Italian Switzerland, and author of *The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case Against Scientism.*

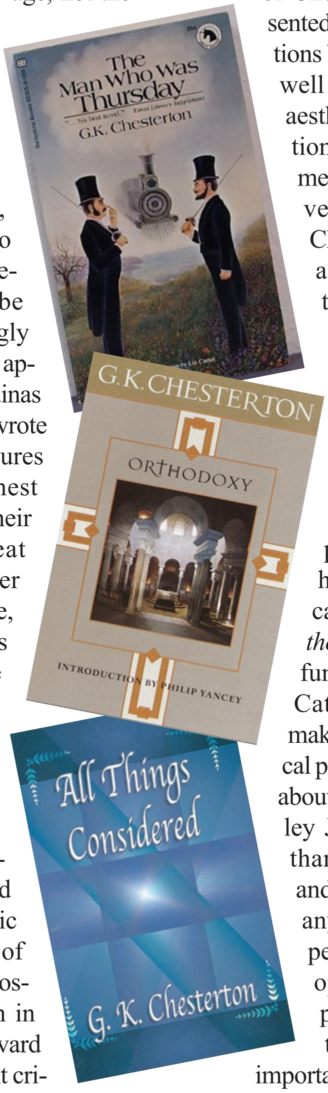
on what he called elsewhere “the pivot of the human will,” the desire of each of us to live a purposeful, and morally and intellectually consistent, life. He wrote of his brother, Cecil, a courageous journalist who volunteered for and died in World War I, that “he kept his word” amidst a “diseased and faithless herd”—a comment on the dominant politicians, journalists, intellectuals, and magnates of the age, not the men with whom Cecil died in the ditches of northern France. (The latter men kept their word.)

Chesterton’s admiration of figures such as Jefferson, Cobbett, Dickens, Browning, and Stevenson (a writer who believed in “the ultimate decency of things”) was to be augmented by an increasingly profound understanding and appreciation of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Assisi. He wrote books on most of these figures that have elicited the highest praise from specialists on their lives and works; the great French Thomist philosopher Etienne Gilson, for example, characterized Chesterton’s book on St. Thomas as the greatest book ever written on him. William F. Buckley Jr. drew much of his own inspiration and thinking from Chesterton’s conservative democratic populism, trusting, as Chesterton would have, more in the democratic decision-making capacities of the first 2,000 names in the Boston telephone directory than in the common sense of the Harvard faculty. (Chesterton’s mordant critique of the socially elitist, snobbish Oxford of his day: Apparently “the luckiest boys should have the jolliest time.”)

The Man Who Was Thursday turns on the desire of the decent human person to respect himself or herself, “to keep his word,” to be loyal to the true and the good beyond the self that every decent person within historical time inherits from a humanized past if he is blessed enough to be born into it and shaped by it. (The theme recurs in his later novels, including 1914’s *The Flying Inn*: “For she felt God’s wind from nowhere which is called the Will; and is man’s only excuse upon this earth.”) The novel’s profound insight and wide-ranging scope have not served Chesterton well on academic reading lists, but they show him to be a great wisdom writer, a metaphysical jester with serious intent.

Chesterton and T. S. Eliot were contemporaries in London for the last two decades of Chesterton’s life. They represented not only different generations but different sensibilities, as well as substantially different aesthetic and political orientations, and Eliot’s early comments on the older man were very dismissive. But when Chesterton died, Eliot wrote an obituary in *The Tablet* that deserves to be quoted at some length. “Even if Chesterton’s social and economic ideas appear to be totally without effect,” Eliot wrote, “even if they should be demonstrated to be wrong—which would perhaps only mean that men have not the good will to carry them out—they were *the* ideas for his time that were fundamentally Christian and Catholic.” Eliot went on to make a personal and sociological point that might also be made about the late William F. Buckley Jr.: “He did more, I think, than any man of his time—and was able to do more than anyone else, because of his peculiar background, development, and abilities as a public performer—to maintain the existence of the important minority in the modern world.”

But Eliot went farther than this. In his own journal, *The Criterion*, he praised Chesterton’s extraordinary independence and nobility as what the Bible and Matthew Arnold called a “saving remnant” of civilization: “What matters here is his lonely moral battle against his age, his courage, and his bold combination of genuine conservatism, genuine liberalism, and genuine radicalism.” It was a lonely battle beautifully described and dramatized in that great 1908 novel, *The Man Who Was Thursday*. **NR**



■ **MUSIC** ■

Kapell Returns

JAY NORDLINGER

THE world makes a big deal out of musicians who die young. There are reasons for this, of course: People think of potential unfulfilled; and the departed musicians are frozen in time, forever young. In fact, there’s a song, “Forever Young,” isn’t there?

The pop world has suffered its losses—particularly as a result of drugs. And the classical world has suffered losses, too. I will cite early deaths—major ones—in the 20th century:

Lili Boulanger, the French composer (sister of Nadia), dead at 24 (from disease). Dinu Lipatti, the Romanian pianist, dead at 33 (also disease). Guido Cantelli, the Italian conductor, 36 (plane crash). Dennis Brain, the British French-horn player, also 36 (car crash). Fritz Wunderlich, the German tenor, 35 (fell down the stairs).

Jacqueline du Pré, the British cellist, died at 42, but MS had forced her to stop playing at 28.

Forgive a macabre listing. And that’s to say nothing of, for example, Schubert, who was given four fewer years even than Mozart, who had 35.

William Kapell had 31 (like Schubert, in fact). This American pianist was born in 1922 and died in 1953. He was coming home from an Australian tour; the plane in which he was flying crashed just short of San Francisco. Every piano student—certainly every American student—is taught to revere “Willy” Kapell. At least that used to be the case. And that reverence was not misplaced.

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Mr. Nordlinger is an NR senior editor. *Here, There & Everywhere: Collected Writings of Jay Nordlinger* is available at Store.NationalReview.com. There is a chapter on music.

called *William Kapell Rediscovered: The Australian Broadcasts*. Yes, these are recordings from that final tour. And how they came to light is an interesting tale.

But first, more about Kapell.

He was a New Yorker, and he had a number of mentors—although he was so difficult, so mercurial, his relations with those people were often stormy. Among his teachers was Olga Samaroff, née Lucy Hickenlooper in Texas. She married Leopold Stokowski, another master self-reinventor. Kapell also worked with Schnabel and Rubinstein.

He was a dedicated student, an incessant learner—a fanatical practicer (eight hours a day, even when he had a performance). He was a virtuoso, and a stupendous one. But he was also a musician of keen intelligence and sensitivity. And he always strove to know a composer's intentions, obeying them.

He is often called a typical American pianist, and maybe even the quintessential one. Now, what does that mean? Nationality in music-making is difficult to discuss, but I think it means this: He was brash, daring, "new." He was virile, bold, unbounded. "Athletic" is a word we always apply to his playing.

And he was an amalgam of the various "schools" around the world: the French, the Russian, the German. All of these traditions flowed through his musical blood.

Though not given much time, he was famous, almost a matinée idol, and he made several acclaimed records. One was of the Khachaturian Concerto (a piece now out of the repertoire altogether). Another was of Beethoven's Concerto in B flat. Almost all of Kapell's recordings were released in a box set on RCA Red Seal ten years ago.

And now there are these Australian recordings. What happened? A man in Melbourne named Roy Preston was music-mad. He amassed over 10,000 recordings. (I wrote about this type in the December 31, 2007, NATIONAL REVIEW: "Beautiful Collecting.") When Kapell came to Australia, Preston recorded the radio broadcasts on his home machine, using acetate discs.

He later bequeathed his collection to a friend. And the friend decided to turn the Kapell recordings over to the pianist's family in America. He found a grandson on the Internet—and e-mailed him on October 29, 2003. Strangely enough, this was 50 years to the day after Willy Kapell's death.

And now, five years later, we have *William Kapell Rediscovered*. The sound is crackly and otherwise flawed. But RCA engineer Jon Samuels has done his usual top-notch job: and Kapell is very much there. Vividly present.

There is a variety of music on these discs, from Bach to Prokofiev. (Prokofiev had died earlier in the year—on March 5, 1953, the same day as Stalin.) There is some stellar playing and some weak playing. To address the latter first:

Kapell plays Mozart's Sonata in B flat, K. 570, and he is not especially natural in it. He seems a foreigner in Mozart country. In Debussy's *Suite bergamasque*—that's where we get "Clair de lune"—Kapell is sometimes heavy and unnuanced. And the Precipitato of Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7 is maybe a little ordinary.

But so what? These discs contain some of the most wondrous and phenomenal piano playing you will ever hear. Rachmaninoff's D-minor concerto is a knockout, not only virtuosic but totally musical. There is exceptional beauty amid the torrents of notes. Chopin's *Barcarolle* is perfectly noble—Rubinstein's influence is obvious (whether Kapell would say so or not).

But the pièce de résistance is Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*: loaded with character, with judgment, with all the "intangibles" that go into musical performance. This outing with *Pictures* is almost unbelievably good. It is genius playing, really.

I wish to relate a personal story. Several years ago, my sister and her family moved to little Greenport, N.Y., way out on the North Fork of Long Island. She told me that her realtor was an interesting man named Dave Kapell—who was also mayor and an antiques dealer. I asked her to spell the name, and she did. It is an unusual spelling. "Any relation to Willy?" I asked. "I'll check," she said. She did—son.

There is a kind of cult of Kapell, as there tends to be around musicians who die young. But in this case, certainly, the cult is not misguided. He probably would have become an even better pianist—broader, wiser. But, even at his relatively tender age, he was great. Absolutely great. These souvenirs from Australia—priceless, unexpected gifts—confirm so. **NR**

THE FUNERAL HOME

In the environs of the funeral home
The smell of death was absent. All there was
Was flowers rioting, the odors blown
Palpable as a blossom into the face,
To be crushed, to overpower—as if the grass
Already covered the nostrils in that place.

Hyacinths, larkspur, irises, flags of summer
Freshening and quickening in the little
Dawn breeze, and opening to a bee's clamor
The delicate parts, just now fragrantly ready,
And now beginning to die, the damp petal
Swaying a little with the weight of the bee's body—

Let them cut these flowers. Let them be ruddy
And sunlit gold and white and let them be
Heaped up and overflowing over the body
Waiting to be put down. To be unborn.
Something is sprouting in dark mahogany
Out of them—edged, and shining like a thorn.

—ROBERT MEZEY
1952

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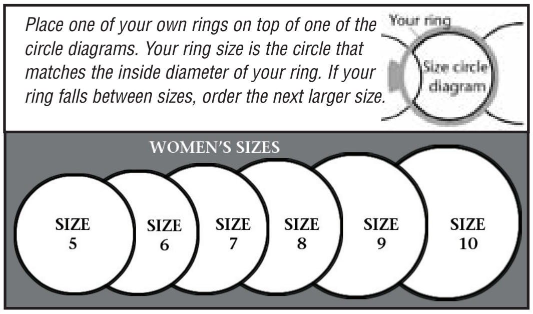

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as we visit Grand Turk, San Juan, St. Thomas, Half Moon Cay, and Ft. Lauderdale

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Mona Charen

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Sat./Nov. 8	Ft. Lauderdale, FL		5:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Sun./Nov. 9	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars
Mon./Nov. 10	Grand Turk	7:00 AM	3:00PM	afternoon seminar late-night smoker
Tue./Nov. 11	San Juan, Puerto Rico	10:00AM	11:00PM	
Wed./Nov. 12	St. Thomas, USVI	8:00AM	5:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Thu./Nov. 13	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night smoker
Fri./Nov. 14	Half Moon Cay	8:00AM	4:00PM	afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Sat./Nov. 15	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	7:00AM		

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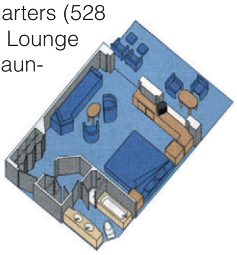

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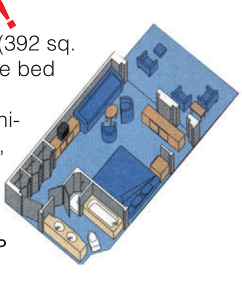

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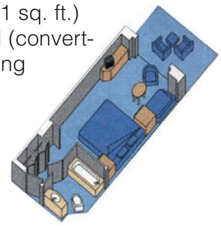

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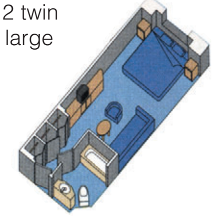

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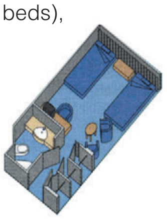

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■ FILM ■

Windy

ROSS DOUTHAT

For the world's dwindling band of M. Night Shyamalan admirers—a group in which I still count myself, though increasingly reluctantly—the best-case scenario for his latest film, *The Happening*, was that it would represent a return to form after his disastrous previous effort, *Lady in the Water*. The second-best scenario was that it would turn out to be an enormous box-office dud, a failure so abject and total that Shyamalan would be forced to cede creative control over his next few projects, subordinating his inflated self-image to the rigors of collaboration and the discipline of pleasing someone other than himself.

The first scenario was not to be, but Shyamalan did his part to make the latter a reality. *The Happening* is an outrageously, laughably awful movie, an instant camp classic if there ever was one: Imagine if Ed Wood had set out to remake Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*, and you'll have a general idea of its level of atrociousness. But the ticket-buying public didn't hold up their end of the bargain. The reservoirs of Shyamaphilia built up by such crowd-pleasing hits as *The Sixth Sense* and *Signs* proved deep enough to deliver *The Happening* a $30 million opening weekend—no great shakes, but hardly abject failure. Which means in turn that someone, somewhere, will no doubt roll the dice and allow Shyamalan creative control over whatever movie he wants to write and direct next—keeping him, however temporarily, from the sort of reckoning with his own folly that he so desperately needs.

Wherever he goes from here, though, it's hard to imagine how Shyamalan could do worse than the dreadful one-two punch he's just delivered. *Lady in the Water* was a ponderous bedtime story, in which a daffy mythology populated by what sounded like rejects from the *Star Wars* cantina—narfs, scrunts, the Tartutic, the Great Etalon—was layered atop Shyamalan's still-daffier decision to cast *himself* as a young writer whose work was prophesied to change the world. His new film is less hubristic but worse in almost every other way. It's a mediocre *Twilight Zone* conceit stretched (and stretched, and stretched) to fill 90 minutes, with performances that would embarrass a dinner-theater troupe and a script to match.

You can tell that Shyamalan set out to make a taut, scary B-movie, which—after the longueurs of *Lady in the Water*—might have been a good idea on his part. But *The Happening* is closer to a D-movie: Its target audience seems to be the heckling robots of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, and the only thing that's scary about it is the fact that three talented actors—Mark Wahlberg, Zooey Deschanel, and John Leguizamo—actually thought that appearing in this fiasco would be a good career move.

The Happening*'s Elliot (Mark Wahlberg) and Alma (Zooey Deschanel)*

SPYGLASS ENTERTAINMENT

Wahlberg plays Elliot Moore, a science teacher who's happy in the classroom but struggling in his marriage to Alma (Deschanel); his best friend is Julian (Leguizamo), who teaches math just down the hall and chatters about probabilities and compound interest at moments of high tension. They live in Philadelphia, the heart of Shyamalan territory (almost all his films have been set in Pennsylvania), but the movie starts in New York's Central Park: A breeze ruffles the trees, and hundreds of Manhattanites freeze in their tracks, mutter incoherencies, and then set about killing themselves by whatever means are readiest to hand. A young woman stabs herself with a knitting needle; a crew of construction workers fling themselves off the skyscraper they're building; a policeman's gun gets passed from hand to suicidal hand.

It's an arresting sequence, and a horrifying one, but the horror gives way to giggles soon enough. The movie cuts to Philly, where everyone is fleeing the city, assuming that the Manhattan suicides are victims of a terrorist attack; the Moores, husband and wife, catch the same commuter train as Julian and his dark-haired, watchful daughter Jess (Ashlyn Sanchez). But the leafy suburbs are no safer than downtown, and before you can say "token minority" and/or "expendable best friend" Julian has committed Happening-assisted suicide, leaving his daughter in the care of Elliot and Alma as they flee ever deeper into the wooded Pennsylvania countryside.

This is, of course, a Big Mistake. It takes a lot of brow-furrowing and muttering about the scientific method before Wahlberg's science teacher has his eureka moment, but when it happens (or Happens, I suppose) it's a doozy. "Why did it start in the parks?" he wonders, and then realizes the answer: because it isn't terrorists, it's *the trees*. Our environmental depredations have gone too far, and now they're fighting back the only way they can—by excreting a windborne toxin that turns every human population that inhales it into recruits for Jim Jones's next Kool-Aid party.

Words cannot convey how stupid the events that follow are—the desperate attempts to divine the trees' strategic plan (don't ask); the repeated shots of leaves rustling, with sinister purpose, in a passing breeze; the hilarious scene in which our heroes literally attempt to outrun the wind. And the whole business is just dripping with New Age self-righteousness: Killing off the whole Eastern Seaboard is just the trees' way of warning us to mend our ways, don't you know, and besides, the experience teaches Elliot and Alma to love each other again. So *thanks*, trees!

Is there anything to be said in Shyamalan's defense? Only this: that he's trying to do something original, which is an increasingly rare thing in an industry (and a summer-movie season) dominated by adaptations of comic books, adaptations of television shows, sequels to past hits, remakes of past hits, and even re-imaginings of *very* recent duds (hello, *Incredible Hulk*). So I hope that he keeps trying, albeit with more adult supervision. At this point, he has nowhere to go but up. **NR**

■ CITY DESK ■

Props to The Pram

RICHARD BROOKHISER

I knew the situation had reached critical mass when I saw, on a street corner a block from my apartment, a thick-gauge wire-mesh garbage can holding—a mortgage? A sheaf of dollar bills? Presentation copies of John McCain's energy policy? None of the above. What some New Yorker had discarded because, once broken, it was more cheaply and easily replaced than fixed, was a baby stroller. "The prams go rolling on," wrote W. H. Auden ("Autumn Song," 1936), and he hadn't even moved to New York yet.

I live on a sort of dirt-track speedway of strollers, thanks to two institutions only steps from my door. One is a city welfare office, an imposing yet sad building that anchors one corner of an intersection. Some thought went into the design of it, in the La Guardia administration I would guess, for stylized wings sprout from each roof corner. But they are not numerous enough to be ornamental, nor are they large enough even to seem functional. Their futility serves instead as a metaphor for what transpires within. The building always seems to be girdled in scaffolding, which its bureaucrats lack the clout to remove, unless for reasons of their own they welcome its presence. It does give some shelter (except for leaks) to the people who pass in and out, and to the street-corner merchants who serve them. A fast-food cart always sits outside the door; next to it, a table offering children's books (Elmo learns the alphabet) and educational placemats (presidents, famous African Americans). A high percentage of those who are going or coming, or waiting for those who have gone inside, smoke; vices have classes. In the mix every day are strollers.

But I am not purveying Right World fear of the fecund underclass, for the other stroller-magnet institution only half a block away is a private nursery school. While the children are inside, the vehicles that conveyed them hang folded on the school's iron fence—commuter-infant parking. But since the nursery school, unlike the welfare office, has no ongoing flow of business, there are periodic thunderstorms of strollers on the sidewalk when its half-day sessions begin and end. Though none of the children at the nursery school is black, some of the women who roll them to and fro are. These are the nannies. Do you win more points for having a nanny, or for being so omnicompetent that you dispense with nannies? Upper-middle-class Manhattan parents have so much to put up with, even beyond toilet training and why did the kitten die.

I can only imagine what they are like to maneuver and carry. The simplest strollers seem to be little more than lengths of fabric stretched over wheeled frames, though sophistication must go into the making of even these; the fabric, for instance, has to be washable. Options proliferate: toys, sun shades, shopping baskets. The website of one popular manufacturer says the vehicles weigh anywhere from eight to 25 pounds, minus extras (and minus occupants).

Of course strollers make walking difficult for everyone else. With persistence and patience you can make your way past the welfare office while it is open for business; when the nursery school releases its charges and their finger paintings, you are better off crossing the street. But I think it is as wicked to complain of such inconveniences as it is to resent wheelchairs or walkers. The healthy and footloose can afford to use some of their independence and flexibility navigating around those who are encumbered or impaired. What does disturb me about the strollers is the age range of those inside them.

Some passengers are true infants—sometimes so small you do a double take. Was that a baby, or a bread loaf with hair? They are dead to the world, even the urban din. Horns, sirens, beeping backhoes are as the sound of lyres and flutes to them. Or they wail in the pure rage of helplessness at some affront—hunger, wet—that they will forget in 15 minutes. Maybe the strollers' wheels comfort them, as I am soothed by the Acela.

But then there are the stroller-bound kids who are actual kids. Boys in shorts showing, not fat little baby legs, but knees that are already bony. Girls who have begun caring about their appearance and their accessories, aimed like intercontinental missiles at Bottega Veneta or navel-ring shops. These kids can walk; why are they being strolled?

Part of the answer is to our credit. New Yorkers walk more than other Americans. Our strategic reserve of lard butts is in the suburbs and the country, where everything is driving distance and the only place to walk is Wal-Mart or the Mall of America. Where there are walkers, there will also be strollers.

But why are kids kept in the strollers so long? One answer is the convenience of adults, whether parents or nannies. If a child is in a stroller, you don't have your hands on the child, but you have them on what contains the child. Everyone moves together; there is no running ahead, or dawdling. Another answer is the fear of adults, both prudent and irrational. New York is a city of bicycle messengers, pizza delivery boys, cabbies from Lahore, and, even in the reigns of Giuliani and Bloomberg which will seem in retrospect like the Five Good Emperors of ancient Rome, crackheads. Always sit down in the stroller, for fear of finding something colder. Either motive, convenience or fear, can shade into the appetite to control—our options, our environment, our lives. When does will power become freakery? I would as soon have a discussion about your religion. Suffice it to say that anyone living in the city who is not visiting the welfare office didn't get there by being easygoing or devil-may-care.

So I will step around the parked car for you, even have coffee later if you have taken all the tables. Hail, and fare well. **NR**

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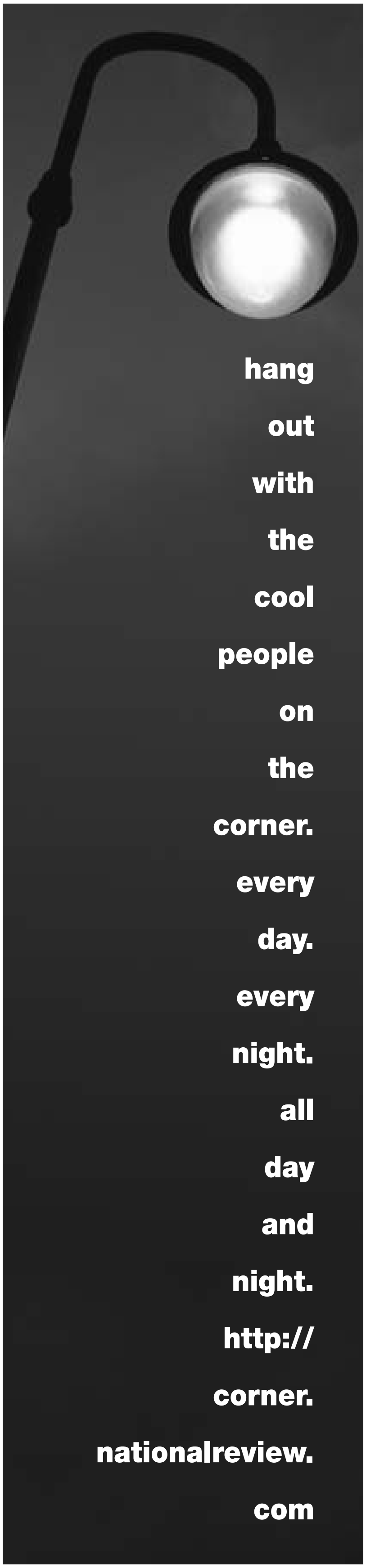

but enough about you

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Send Me a Postcard

MY little Republican heart went pit-a-pat the other day when I saw the headline in the *Times*: McCAIN SETS GOAL OF 45 NEW NUCLEAR REACTORS BY 2030. I'm all for nukes in any form. I've long felt that nuclear energy is the way to go, and now that I read that France and Belgium get three-quarters of their electricity from nuclear energy, I feel it's a matter of national pride. I can understand their superiority in cheese and ales, but things have come to a pretty poor pass when we have to catch up to France and Belgium on energy policy.

I once put the direct question to Al Gore, after a screening of his quite good movie *An Inconvenient Truth* (please hold off throwing tomatoes; go easy, this is my first column for NR): "Are you in favor of nuclear energy?" Simple enough, right? His answer went on for five minutes. It was a masterpiece of equivocation, a veritable multi-armed Shiva goddess of on-the-one-hands, on-the-other-hands. The next day, I got an e-mail from Jeffrey Toobin, who was also in the crowd: "I now know less about his views on nuclear energy than I did before." The Greenies, of whom Mr. Gore is the undisputed Jolly Giant, just can't get their tree-hugging arms around those Three Mile Island towers. (Architecturally, quite splendid, I always thought.) I'll bet a month's Netflix membership fees *The China Syndrome* is at the top of their rental queues.

But after my initial gladsome tachycardia over McCain's embrace of Our Friend the Atom, my BP reverted to normal sinus rhythm. Perhaps I've been living in this whited sepulchre on the Potomac too long (1981; Barack was 20), but whenever I see that coy little preposition "by" slipping political lips during a presidential campaign, my inner skeptic goes, *Yeah, well, send me a postcard when you get there.*

Remember those wonderful Soviet Five Year Plans? Nothing so warmed the cockles of a Leninist heart as to hear some ursine member of the Central Committee, lavishly be-bedecked with multiple Hero of Soviet Labor medals, thumping the podium and declaring—without fear of contradiction, thanks to Vladimir Putin's former employers down at the Lubyanka—that wheat output in Ukraine will *quadruple* over the next five years!

Exceptional

Applause! Yay, Lenin! Yay, Stalin! Whoopee! You guys totally rock! Say, do you think we could have another pair of Bulgarian sandals? It's been twenty years since that last shipment came in, and these are getting kinda, you know, smelly. But hey, that really is frickin' great news about the wheat harvests.

The Kremlin didn't have to worry about a Congressional Budget Office or Government Accountability Office pointing out, five years later, the inconvenient truth (good title) that Ukraine had produced exactly enough wheat to make one six-pack of *blinis*. But it seems to be a universal truth that politicians—whether of the Gulag Archipelagic persuasion or good old, basically decent American presidential candidates—just can't resist announcing grandiose goals. I'll bet you another month's Netflix rental fees that Pharaoh Mentuhotep stood in front of some statue of a dog-god, whacked his breastplate, and proclaimed that he was going to build 45 new pyramids by 2030 B.C.

Yay, Mentuhotep! Yay, Isis! Egypt rocks! Akkadians suck!

I came to Washington to work in an administration that had pledged to "balance the budget"—sorry, didn't mean to laugh, this is serious *haaaaaaaaaa! hahaha!* sorry—by the middle of the decade. We *meant* well, anyway. Ever since, I've been on the lookout for that little preposition.

Does the electorate get excited when they hear politicians stake out these goals? Down at the General Store, are they saying:

Hey, Luke, you hear what McCain said? Wants us to build 45 nuclear reactors by 2030.

Go on.

Nope, I heard him say it on the television.

Well, damn. By 2030, you say? I'd a thought it'd take at least *until 2040.*

I heard him say 2030 clear as I'm talking to you.

Isn't he gonna be kinda old *by 2030?*

Well let's see, I reckon . . . 94. But his mother's 96 and she's still giving as good as she gets.

Well, I was *going to vote for Obama, on account of he's going to get us out of Iraq by 2010. But now I guess I'm just going to have to vote for McCain. 2030. Damn.*

Who'd a thunk it?

Maybe I'm being too skeptical. Sometimes goals are reached. Reeling from the Bay of Pigs disaster, President Kennedy changed the subject by announcing that the U.S. was going to put a man on the moon "before this decade is out." And what do you know, American astronauts were playing golf in the Sea of Tranquility by the end of the decade. So I'm with McCain. It's good to have goals. I personally plan to lose 40 pounds by 2030. **NR**

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